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THE
HISTORY
OF
Miss Jenny Salisbury, &c.



VOL. II.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE
Mistress Jenny Salisbury;

ADDRESSED TO THE

Councils of ROSCOMMOND.



Translated from the
Madame RICCOBONI

VOLUME II

LONDON

Printed for T. Beckwith and P. A. De Honnet,
at Tolly's Head, in the Strand.

MDCCLXIV

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Miss Jenny Salisbury ;

ADDRESSED TO THE
Countess of ROSCOMMOND.

Translated from the FRENCH of the celebrated
Madame RICCOBONI.

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MISS JENNY SALMON;

ADDRESSED TO THE

COUNCIL OF POST OFFICES



Translated from the French of the celebrated
MISS JENNY SALMON.

Vol. I. LONDON:
Printed by T. BAKER and R. A. D. HOPKINS,
at Tully's Head, in the Strand.
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THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS JENNY;

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And addressed to the Countess of Ros-
COMMON, the Lady of the ENGLISH
Ambassador at the Court of DENMARK.

PART III.

VOL. II.

B

THE



ANDREW Y. MATTHEW

THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS JENNY.

LORD Danby opened the coach door himself, and cried out at the sight of me. The terror I was in at seeing him, the consternation which Lidy expressed, and the presence of Lady Rutland's woman, made him in some degree apprehensive of the truth. I had thrown myself into Bridget's arms, as into a safe asylum; I conjured her to defend me, I intreated her not to abandon me, but to conduct me to London. I clasped her with all my might, but my strength being exhausted, by the various emotions, with which I had been agitated, I soon lost the

power of speech, and fell against Bridget in a swoon.

Lord Danby, concluding that the Dutchess was going to take me from him, grew outrageous. Without any regard for her, without any pity for me, he ventured to force me out of his Lady's coach by violence. He took me up in his arms, carried me into his post-chaise, and let down all the curtains. By his orders, one of his servants handed Lidy in, my Lord then got in himself, and returned towards London upon the full gallop.

For about two hours, it seemed impossible to recover me from that state of annihilation in which I lay, being utterly deprived of the use of all my faculties. I opened my eyes, and instantly shut them again; I recovered a little, and then fainted again. At length they brought me to myself. I looked around me with fearful apprehension: Finding myself in the midst of strangers, and the women about me all terrified, I hid my face, and began to weep bitterly. I durst not inquire where I was. When I perceived a profound silence in the room, I ventured to lift up my eyes a second time, and found myself alone. The women, who no doubt had brought me to myself, were retired. I called for Lidy; I received no answer.



answer. I heard somebody sighing near me; a burning hand took hold of mine, and turning my eyes, I beheld Lord Danby on his knees close to the chair in which I was sitting. He would have spoken, but his tears, his cries, and his groans stifled his voice.

His presence inspired me with more horror, than it occasioned me surprize.

I found myself extremely weak, and felt as if I was ready to expire. A deadly chillness froze a'l my senses; and seemed as if it was making way to my heart. Leave me, said I, my Lord, withdrawing my trembling hand, leave me to end in peace a cruel destiny, of which the rigour has been augmented by you. Are you not satisfied? Have you any farther desires to gratify, any more vows to fulfill? Can you make me more miserable? After having played upon my credulity, do you come to insult me in my misfortunes? Go away from the unfortunate creature whom you have dishonoured, humbled, debased, and rendered despicable in her own eyes. Barbarous wretch! was it from the bosom of misfortune, affliction and anguish, that your base and cruel passion chose to draw forth a victim: Alas! what right nevertheless did you acquire over me? Ah, my God! Have I regarded the violator of the most sacred Laws, as a generous protector!

sector! Have I respected the base seducer, who made me the sport of his own vile desires! Have I wished to love him, degraded myself by paying him such regard, and expressing such a strong and sincere sense of gratitude! Ah! how could he dare to receive such continual proofs of my esteem, when at the bottom of his heart he knew himself unworthy of it.

I can make no answer, said Lord Danby, in a faint tone, to these severe reproaches, I deserve all that you can urge against me. Your resentment is justifiable, load me with the most odious epithets, hate me, but do not despise me. Do not consider me as an artful man who took a pleasure in deceiving you; but as a weak creature, whose mind was subdued by an invincible passion, whose reason was led astray by the excessive ardour of his desires. Alas! if you had ever experienced the power of that affection which attaches me to you! if you knew how far the violence of it is capable of transporting us beyond ourselves! if you had ever felt . . . But you judge me with a heart of cool indifference, and I cannot hope for pardon.

He paused. I made no reply. What bitter fruit, said he, do I reap from my crime! Ah, Miss, Miss, it is not you, it is myself that I have deceived. Is it you
whom,

whom this fatal discovery debases? Have you any reason to reproach yourself? Is it not me who am covered with blushes at the sight of you, who groan at your feet, and tremble before you. I have played upon your credulity, you say; no, I have not made a sport of you in any thing. You never made any return for all my tenderness: You suffered me to take you, but you never bestowed yourself. A strong and powerful passion, inflamed by the hope and endeavour of inspiring you with sympathy, became the only ruling affection of my soul. The ardent wish to obtain possession of you was never equal to the desire of pleasing you, of being beloved by you, of engaging and preserving your affection. Judge of my present condition by my grief, my regret, by the tormenting state of a man whose every scheme of happiness is ruined for ever; who adores you, who has cruelly offended you, and expects nothing from you hereafter but hatred and contempt.

He said a great deal more, but I was no longer in a condition to hear him. My head, which was already disordered, left me almost devoid of understanding. A raging thirst consumed me; my forehead seemed on fire, I pushed Lord Danby from me, I made repeated signs to him to go away and leave me. His obstinacy in continuing to talk to

me, and kneel by my side, made my impatience excessive. I shrieked aloud. Ah, my God! ah, my God! said I, all bathed in tears, am I then deemed to expire in the arms of him who is the author of all my misery? Shall the hand of my most cruel enemy close my eyes? Shall I, in my latest moments, behold the cruel wretch, who precipitates me to the grave with shame.

This violent agitation was of a long continuance. I incessantly called for Lidy; she answered me, held me in her arms, yet I continued to call for her with tears in my eyes, lamenting that I was not with her. I thought that I beheld Lord Danby every moment. A cold sweat overspread my face, whenever I imagined that I heard the sound of his voice. I passed fifteen days in this condition, sometimes quite dispirited, sometimes shook by ague fits of which every return put my life in danger. I talked a great deal, and my ideas wandered from object to object; I addressed the most fervent invocations to Heaven, sometimes I preferred tender petitions to Lady Rutland, I implored her protection; I wept bitterly; and being incapable of distinguishing persons, I indiscriminately repulsed every one who came near me. When I recovered myself for a moment, the weak and glimmering light of my reason, was sufficient to make me sensible

ble of my deep affliction of mind, and every word I uttered expressed my hatred and contempt of Lord Danby.

My fever at length abated. Nature, assisted by the tiresome aid of art, began to take her usual course. I grew well, but was still weak and exhausted, my ideas being neither settled nor extensive; I was almost insensible, and remained in a state of stupid tranquillity. As my health grew stronger, the lively sense of affliction began to revive. The certainty of being in a house whither Lord Danby had conducted me, where I was attended by his orders, where every thing seemed to be in subjection to his will, all contributed to inspire me with a violent dislike to those who lived in it, and made the place intolerable to me.

While my life was in danger, Lord Danby never left my room. Industrious to avoid my sight, he kept behind a screen which concealed him from my view. When I began to get up, he durst not come where I was, for fear of causing some dangerous alteration. His uneasiness, his anxiety and inquietude, kept him continually at the door of my apartment. He frequently sent for Lidy; would inquire of her concerning my condition, my conversation, and my inclinations

nations with respect to him. While I was asleep, he crept softly to my bed-side, looked at me, sighed, wept, and went away deeply smitten with sorrow; sometimes, obliging Lidy to follow him, and listen to him, he tired her with long details, which he thought calculated to make his conduct appear in a less odious light. He reminded her of the uneasiness and dejection he felt, which was visible in the paleness of his complexion, while, abusing a solemn ceremony which was profaned by a man destitute of the character which could make it sacred, he heard me vow to love and honour the infractor of holy Laws, the perfidious wretch who so basely betrayed me. His discourse was interrupted by tears, and horrid imprecations against himself; then he complained of her, of her distrust, and of mine. If, he said, I had accepted of the settlement he offered me, my compliance in that single point, would have fortified him with resolution to resist his desires, and to expect his happiness from time and accident. Lady Rutland, having been twice attacked with that sudden and dreadful disorder which carries people off in the full vigour of health, he had the prospect of approaching freedom. Now all was past, he said; nothing remained but the regret of having incurred my hatred, the shame of having forfeited his honour, and the

the bitter reproach with which his ingratitude and treachery constantly afflicted his mind.

I actually lodged in the same house, and with the same person whom Lord Danby employed to carry on his pretended marriage with me. His name was Palmer. After having squandered away a large fortune, this wretch became an useful and servile tool to his equals, he managed their intrigues, and subsisted on the recompense he received for his base services. At the intercession of a friend, Lord Danby used his interest in favour of this despicable creature. He saved him from the necessity of a long abode in the Plantations. Palmer had not been long introduced to him, before he acquired his confidence. My Lord made him acquainted with the excessive passion he entertained for me; he told him that six months ago, he should have thought himself happy to have married me; but that being engaged since that time, he was without hope, and could not subdue his inclinations.

Palmer flattered his desires, encouraged him, by examples, to overcome his scruples: He had the confidence himself to assume the character of a clergyman, to officiate in that function, and to deliver me to his patron.

This wretch was married to a young girl of plain, honest and reserved behaviour, and endowed with a thousand amiable qualities. Palmer having been accustomed to associate with women of a very different character, admired the modesty of his wife the more. He respected her virtue, was afraid of losing her esteem, and therefore industriously concealed from her the means from whence he derived his subsistence. She spent two thirds of the year in the country; and during her stay in town, Palmer artfully contrived to remove her from home, when any scenes were transacting there that might shock her sight.

Mistress Palmer, being absent at the time that Lord Danby prevailed on me to give him my hand, she was a stranger to my melancholy adventure. Another woman at that time supplied her place, and did me the honours of the house. When Lord Danby took me out of the Dutchess of Rutland's coach, he was under an extreme perplexity in determining whither he should conduct me. To whom should he present two women whose condition must naturally draw attention from persons of the least curiosity. Would they not run eagerly to my assistance, and endeavour to bring me to myself? Alas! what were my first exclamations likely to be? Would they not discover his crime and my resentment?

These

These considerations induced him to carry me to Palmer's, hoping that he might be able to pacify me, and introduce me into some other family before night; but the suddenness of my illness, and the danger of removing me in the height of a fever, obliged him to put me into Mrs. Palmer's hands, and to commit me to her care. She attended me with great assiduity, and insensibly took such a liking to me, that without knowing the cause of my deep affliction, she sympathized with me, compassionated my sufferings, and frequently mingled her tears with those which she saw me shed continually.

I learnt all these particulars from Lidy, who immediately recollected the impostor of a clergyman, and his house. Lord Danby, at the same time that he acknowledged to her Palmer's crime, acquainted her with the innocence of his wife, and intreated Lidy not to communicate this fatal secret to her, as the discovery would be of no service to my interest, and would for ever destroy the peace and happiness of a deserving woman.

A gloomy melancholy, and an extreme aversion to all kind of nourishment, kept me in a weak condition. Lidy suppressed her uneasiness to a great degree, for fear of aggravating my inquietude. We frequently
main-

maintained a mournful silence, but when our looks met each other, they never failed to draw mutual tears. This discreet and sensible girl watched all the emotions of my mind. She acquainted me by degrees with such circumstances as she thought might irritate my sufferings, and never discovered them till the instant it became impossible to keep me from the knowledge of them.

Lord Danby did not desire to see me ; nevertheless I was in continual dread of his appearance. The desire of removing from a place where I lived dependent on him, made me earnestly wish for the perfect recovery of my health ; I did not then know that, being a prisoner by his order, I was not to obtain my liberty but under certain conditions.

My most valuable effects, and all my wearing apparel, had been sent to Palmer's. I charged Lidy to separate Lord Danby's presents from my own property, that is to say, from the little remains of what I possessed on my leaving Oxford. I wanted to return to Mrs. Mabel's, from whence I might write to Lady Rutland, implore her kindness, and solicit her to grant me an asylum ; her protection was all the hope I had left. I acquainted Mrs. Palmer with my intention of moving, and finding myself one morning strong enough to go abroad, I sent to invite
her

her into my apartment. After having made her the most tender acknowledgements for her kind assistance, I embraced her, bid her farewell, and ordered a coach to be called; but Mrs. Palmer gave me a letter from Lord Danby, which she presented to me with an appearance of disquiet and perplexity, intreating me, as she went away, not to impute my uneasiness to her, if I found myself thwarted in my intentions.

My first resolution was to reject the letter with disdain, and to persist in going out. Lidy, who was too well assured that I was not at liberty to quit the house, at length resolved to acquaint me with Lord Danby's intentions with regard to me, and to open the scheme which he himself had planned for my establishment. In lieu of the marriage articles, said she, Lord Danby had the art to substitute another settlement. Without knowing it, you signed a deed, by which you acquired the property of an estate about twelve miles from London. It then brought in five hundred pounds a year; but he has doubled the rent, by adding several farms to it. He designs that you shall live there, and wait the death of Lady Rutland. He requires a solemn promise from you that you will enter into no engagement, which may prevent his earnest desire of making public reparation for the fault he has committed.

On

On these conditions, he will set you at liberty, and you may go when you please; but read his letter, said she, his inquietude and perturbation of mind, may have made him alter his resolution. Lidy could not persuade me to look on those characters which were become so odious to me. At my desire, she broke the seal, and read as follows:

*Lord DANBY'S Letter to Miss JENNY
GLANVILLE.*

AFTER having profaned the sacred names of friend, husband, protector, after having debased that of lover, and abused every character! under what title shall I presume to declare myself attached to you, and to your interest; thou lovely creature! the object of my profound veneration, of my everlasting tenderness! Alas! punish me, reject the vows of a guilty suppliant, I agree to the justice of my sentence; but do not let the aversion you have conceived against me, expose you to experience new misfortunes. What are your intentions? How do you think to dispose of yourself? What asylum is open to you? Whither will your strong desire of avoiding me, lead you? Alas, why are you afraid of me? Have I attempted to disturb your retirement? Have I endeavoured

‘ deavoured to see you? Is there any occasion to fly from a wretch, whom your commands can keep at a distance?

‘ I do not ask you to grant me that pardon, which I cannot grant to myself. The sad consequences of my crime, have made me acquainted with it’s utmost enormity. What a sting have I lodged in your heart? In what a condition have I beheld you? I have seen the paleness of death a hundred times overspread that lovely countenance: And those dear eyes, ready to close for ever! In those horrid moments, how have I detested your cruel assassin? Had you expired, my hand ready to avenge you But let me efface, if possible, the dreadful recollection of your danger; it tears my heart-strings.

‘ O my dear, dear Jenny! If you could penetrate into the heart of which you are mistress, my melancholy situation would probably move you. A prey to shame, regret, and grief; sunk under the weight of my own remorse, of your hatred . . . But let me not speak of myself; I do not deserve your pity. Let me talk of you, whose pure heart and innocent intentions ought to restore you to peace and tranquillity of mind. How many consolatory reflections must naturally occur to you, who
‘ are

‘ are so superior to the despicable wretch
 ‘ who has deceived you ! Can you be af-
 ‘ flicted for ever, who have nothing where-
 ‘ with to reproach yourself ?

‘ Quite regardless of myself, and wholly
 ‘ concerned for you, I presume to intreat
 ‘ your acceptance of the only reparation I
 ‘ am in a condition to offer at present. Con-
 ‘ descend, my dear Jenny, condescend to go
 ‘ home, and to live there in a state of inde-
 ‘ pendance. To expiate the horrid crime
 ‘ of having betrayed you, I will impose a
 ‘ rigorous exile on myself. I will not come
 ‘ near your house, I will not write to you.
 ‘ Content to receive assurance from Lidy
 ‘ that you enjoy tranquillity, I will undergo
 ‘ the just punishment of my crime at a di-
 ‘ stance from you. I will even do more if
 ‘ you require it ; I will accept the offer of
 ‘ going Ambassador to Vienna. I will ba-
 ‘ nish myself to another climate, there to
 ‘ regret the happiness I have lost, and la-
 ‘ ment the odious means which I used to
 ‘ procure it.

‘ O Jenny ! O my dear lovely Jenny !
 ‘ Shall I then see you no more ! Let me set
 ‘ some value on this cruel sacrifice. Grant
 ‘ one favour, one only favour to my repen-
 ‘ tance. Suffer me to hope that time may
 ‘ produce a happy change ; permit me to
 ‘ entertain

‘ entertain the glimpse of a distant pardon;
 ‘ which I do not desire till the instant that I
 ‘ am at a liberty to make you an offer of
 ‘ purer vows, and to receive, at the foot of
 ‘ the altar, that delightful title which I have
 ‘ usurped. A bare promise under your hand
 ‘ will satisfy all the desires which the most
 ‘ unhappy of all mankind can presume to
 ‘ form. To-morrow, or this evening, you
 ‘ shall be conducted to your estate.’

P. S. ‘ In the name of Heaven, do not
 ‘ listen to the dictates of that cruel haughti-
 ‘ ness, which is the source of all our mis-
 ‘ fortunes. Do not make me desperate by
 ‘ a disdainful refusal: Ah, great God, who
 ‘ can foresee to what extremities I may be
 ‘ hurried, by the dread of knowing that
 ‘ you are wandering through the world, ex-
 ‘ posed to a thousand dangers, and that I
 ‘ shall lose the sight of you for ever. In the
 ‘ midst of that dejection, to which the re-
 ‘ proaches of my own heart reduce me, the
 ‘ only circumstance which revives me, is the
 ‘ hope of establishing your welfare, and of
 ‘ making your condition, one day or other,
 ‘ brilliant and happy. O my lovely Jenny!
 ‘ whose heart is so tender and compassionate;
 ‘ do not deprive me of this pleasing hope!
 ‘ it is the only comfort I have left.’

I heard

I heard this tedious letter with extreme impatience, and even indignation. It appeared to me as a farther specimen of Lord Danby's artifice. I was not moved by his repentance, whether it was real or affected: I was very far from being disposed to make him any promise, by which he might preserve a right over my person. I thought myself affronted by his propositions, and still more so by his hopes. Just Heaven, said I, giving way to my tears, how much does poverty degrade one in the opinion of a base mind! This man then thinks it possible for me to forgive him!

The more I reflected on his offers, the less I was disposed to accept of them. I, live upon an estate which he gave me! subsist on his benefactions! this would have been setting a price upon my innocence, and an acknowledgement that Lord Danby had made me a recompense for the precious jewel he had dared to ravish from me. My heart despised his offers; want and misery were no terror to my mind, compared to the scandal of owing my subsistence to him.

Lidy was of my opinion: she imagined that some new snare was concealed under the appearance of such extraordinary submission. At the beginning of my illness, Francis, who

who was my Lord's valet de chambre, and likewise his confidant and accomplice, had told Lidy that his master was appointed Ambassador to Vienna. Lord Danby therefore would make a merit with me of an unavoidable absence, or Francis spread this report by his order. But whether my Lord stayed in England, or went to Germany, I was resolved to be indebted to him for nothing. Without any regard to his intreaties, or to that sort of menace with which he concluded his letter, I was going to leave Mr. Palmer's that instant; but Lidy repeated to me the impossibility of my getting out. Francis, and the people of the house watched the door of my apartment; they would oppose my passage, she observed, and absolutely refuse to let me go down stairs. The knowledge of this circumstance gave me such cruel affliction, that I thought I should not be able to support it. It is impossible to express what a painful sensation we endure, when we are obliged to give way to violence. From that day, my dislike to and contempt for Lord Danby, changed into such a settled aversion, as even time itself has never been able to destroy or diminish.

Lidy had advised me not to give way to the violent grief which oppressed me. She represented to me the necessity of disssembling with Lord Danby, lest they who watch-

ed over me should double their vigilance. The security into which a well concerted answer might lull him, would leave me at liberty to devise some means of escaping from his power. In compliance with her advice, I got over my repugnance, and wrote to Lord Danby. I told him that I found myself still very weak, and unsettled in my mind, and being desirous of reflecting on my present situation, I thought it would be proper to remain eight days longer at Mr. Palmer's. A situation so melancholy as mine, I added, would naturally dispose me not to reject all the assistance he offered, if, after having found myself so cruelly deceived, I could place any confidence in my betrayer. I concluded with assuring him that he should soon be acquainted with whatever resolution I thought proper to take.

I was a hundred times tempted to disclose my whole mind to Mrs. Palmer, but one consideration alone restrained me. If in fact that poor woman had no suspicions, if she was a stranger to the wretch with whom her ill fortune had connected her, why should I undeceive her? I thought it would be hard and cruel to sacrifice her peace to my interest. Her assistance however, became at length so indispensably necessary, that at last I resolved to speak to her. I observed all the caution imaginable, in making her my confident.

Without making any mention of Lord Danby's accomplices, I acquainted her with his black treachery; I shewed her his letter, and conjured her to assist me in escaping from a man whose love and sollicitude were equally odious to me.

I cannot tell by what fallacious story they contrived to interest her in my favour, and to impose upon her when they first committed me to her care; but Lord Danby's letter left her without any doubt of my sincerity. This kind and affectionate woman pitied me, wept with me, was astonished at her husband's complaisance, blamed him for using force to detain me in his house; she attributed this unjustifiable proceeding to the loose way of thinking among men, who were always ready, she observed, to assist each other in their intrigues, and to combine against defenseless innocence. Though she expressed a strong desire to oblige me, yet she did not seem much inclined to oppose her husband's will. I even perceived that she was so much afraid of provoking or offending him, that it would be difficult to persuade her to undertake any thing. Nevertheless I continued to importune her, and she seemed to hear me with an appearance of absence and inattention. I saw her eyes fixed on a jewel box which stood near me; I had just been looking for a ring of no great value

lue which Lord Revel had made me a present of when I was a child. This box of diamonds drew Mrs. Palmer's eyes, and took off her attention from my discourse. The pleasure with which she seemed to eye these jewels, gave me an idea of using part of them to procure my liberty. This was the only occasion, on which I could, without a blush, appropriate Lord Danby's presents. I took a pair of buckles of great value, and a rich necklace out of the box. I desired Mrs. Palmer to wear them, to receive them as a mark of my gratitude, and as a means of reconciling herself to her husband, if he should ever discover hereafter that she favoured my escape.

Mrs. Palmer, moved by my tears, and perhaps dazzled by the richness of the present, hesitated some moments longer; at length she yielded to my intreaties, and agreed to second my scheme for escaping. As it was my intention to move out of the way of Lord Danby's researches, it was impossible for me to return to Lidy's sister. I had no acquaintance, and no one knew me, so that I was at a loss where to go. Mrs. Palmer undertook to provide me with a convenient and secure lodging. She took it that very day. A worthy widow, who lived in the midst of the city, agreed to receive me. Her house, consisting only of two apart-

apartments, which were occupied by her and myself, I was not exposed to any disagreeable rencounter. Mrs. Palmer made the agreement about board and lodging. As the widow had known her a long while, they easily settled these points together.

This material article being regulated, we concerted the measures which remained for us to take. Many circumstances contributed to render my escape less difficult than it appeared to be at first. That same week, Mrs. Palmer was to set out for Colchester, where her mother lived. Her husband supped every Thursday at Highgate, with some young fellows, who formed a society, of which Palmer was the life and soul. As on those occasions he never came home till very late at night, he did not use to sleep with his wife. She therefore fixed Thursday evening for my escape, and the Friday following for her own departure. Except two gowns and a small quantity of linnen, my cloaths, which were intermixed with hers in her trunks, were to be sent after me at leisure. My mother's picture, taken out of the frame, the casket, which contained her papers, the only effects which I was anxious to preserve, were to be sent after me in the same manner. My absence would not be discovered till the next morning about the hour they usually attended me. Mrs. Palmer would by that

time be several miles off, and consequently would not be exposed either to Lord Danby's reproaches, or to the sudden impetuosity of her husband's resentment. Nothing remained but to defeat the vigilance of Francis, which gave us a great deal of trouble; but at last we found means to render it of no effect.

Mrs. Palmer recollected a door in my closet, which they had been obliged to nail up on account of the cold weather. She shewed it to me behind some shelves full of books. This door opened to a little terras which had a communication with her dressing room. We easily removed the shelves; one of the folding doors gave way to our united efforts, and afforded me the convenience of going in the night-time from my apartment to hers, and of carrying away whatever I chose to take, without being perceived by her servants or Francis.

On Thursday evening I locked my door on the inside at the usual time, and waited for the hour appointed with great impatience. The clock struck at last, and I went out through the closet with Lidy. We crossed the terras. Mrs. Palmer received me in the dark, at the door of her apartment, and conducted me into her chamber. I trembled; Lidy was scarce able to support herself,

self, and our conductress being likewise in vast agitation, stopped at every step. When she was assured that her servants, who were set down to supper, could neither see nor hear us, she made us go down stairs softly, opened the street door for us without any noise, and put me into the hands of an elderly man, who was the brother of Mrs. Tomkins, where I was going to lodge. He had waited for me, above an hour, within ten yards of the house, with a coach ready to receive us. I embraced Mrs. Palmer, without being able to express my gratitude otherwise than by my tears: And I made haste to get into the coach. The honest old man helped me and Lidy in, took his place next to her, and according to his direction, we drove to our new abode.

It was near midnight when we reached it. The Mistress of the house received me in a very civil and respectful manner; she took me for a young Lady of quality, escaped, through Mrs. Palmer's assistance, from the importunate solicitations of an interested guardian, who would compell me to marry his son, in order to get possession of my fortune, which had been committed to his trust. I waited at her house for the return of an absent relation, and was to be hid from all eyes, till his arrival. The present of two guineas, which I gave her brother for his

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trouble,

trouble, made her hope that she might reap a considerable advantage from a lodger so rich and generous; a hope, which she was sorry to renounce, when time convinced her of her mistake. She shewed me into a handsome and convenient apartment, where she left me, after wishing me a good night's rest.

When I found myself alone with Lidy, I embraced her eagerly; my heart was relieved from one cause of inquietude. I was no longer in Lord Danby's power; but the recollection that I had been, soon destroyed this momentary satisfaction. We wept together a long while without being able to speak to each other; I hid my head in the bosom of that affectionate girl, and clasped her to my breast. At length, breaking this mournful silence: O, my dear Lidy, said I, how bitter is the grief which oppresses my heart! How different were the tears I shed at quitting Oxford, and at leaving Lord Alderson's seat, from those which this humiliating disgrace draws from my eyes. I do not feel within myself that dignity, that heart-felt sentiment, which in the midst of all my troubles, even in the lap of poverty, exalted me in my own estimation. Alas! how is this? How has the crime of that wicked man reduced me to such shame and dejection, that I am afraid to look others in the

the face, and blush when I turn my eyes upon myself !

Do not give way to such mortifying reflections, said Lidy, interrupting me, you have neither offended Heaven, nor transgressed the rules of honour; may your tears ever be attended with this consolatory assurance. Dear Miss, this consideration should banish inquietude from your mind, and support you under the misfortune you deplore; alas, why should you esteem yourself the less, when the very man who has so basely betrayed you, respects you still, blushes at the advantages he has obtained over you, and cannot reflect upon them without shame and remorse? The success of his treachery, is become the punishment of his crime. He has still that strong affection, that ardent passion for you which first led him astray; by having gratified his desires, he has only inflamed them the more; and I much question whether your sufferings are equal to his. She then gave me an account of a great part of the conversation she had had with Lord Danby; and afterwards, endeavouring to divert my attention to subjects less disgusting, she talked to me concerning Lady Rutland, advised me to remind her of her generous offers, and to revive her tender inclinations in my behalf, by a detail of my past sufferings,

ings, and an account of my present situation.

Mrs. Palmer promised to let me know whether the Dutchess was still in London. In case that Lady had left town, she was to inquire where I might direct a letter to her, and acquaint me directly. I waited ten days in expectation of news from Mrs. Palmer. At length I received my cloaths, together with a letter from her; the contents of which redoubled all my afflictions.

After a stay of six weeks at Court, Lady Rutland set out to take her usual tour, and was then actually making her visits among the several friends she had contracted in different parts of the kingdom. Without any directions from her, it was impossible to trace her steps, or even to come up with her. Mrs. Palmer advised me to direct letters to Scotland, from whence they would be sent to her. She informed me that Lord Danby being ready to set out for Germany, had fallen dangerously ill. Her husband and he did not doubt but that she had assisted me in my escape; but Lord Danby being afraid of finding her too well acquainted with his conduct, and of provoking her to make his secret publick, had expressly forbidden Palmer to make her uneasy on that subject: So
that

that her husband's reproofs were gentle. She concluded with expressing vast concern that she should be out of the reach of giving me farther intelligence, being obliged to embark directly for Ireland, whither her mother and she were going to take possession of an estate, to part of which their right being litigated, they would be obliged to make a long stay.

This letter afflicted me in a most sensible manner. Lord Danby's illness retarding his departure, obliged me to conceal myself, and prevented my going to Mrs. Mabel's, whether the necessity of lessening my expences, made me anxious to return. I gave Mrs. Tomkins two guineas a week, and was to pay a week in advance. When we left Mr. Palmer's, we had but twenty guineas between Lidy and me. I could not hope for any speedy supply from Lady Rutland. Nevertheless I wrote to her: but what could I expect from this application, and when should I know what effect it produced? To complete my ill fortune, Lidy, my dear Lidy, who took such pains to comfort me, and used all her endeavours to divert my attention from my cruel adventure, was so grievously affected herself, that by degrees, she fell into such a decline, that neither her regard for me, nor her own natural fortitude, could enable her to withstand its dangerous effects.

effects. She could not sleep, she lost her appetite, and gave way to the gloomy melancholy which preyed upon her spirits. Pale, weak and dejected, she fixed her streaming eyes upon me ; she clasped her hands together, and holding them up to Heaven, she cried : Alas ! what will she do ! What will become of her ! In what a cruel situation must I leave her !

Her tears, her inquietude, and her visibly falling away, filled me with dreadful apprehensions. I immediately called to her assistance every one who could be of service to her. Her heavy oppression soon obliged her to keep her bed. I waited on her with that tender solicitude which friendship inspires. She seemed thoroughly sensible of my kindness, did whatever I desired her without hesitation, but nothing revived her.

The assistance which her illness necessarily required, and the extravagant price paid for the short visits of those who attend the sick, reduced me in a few days to have recourse to the most sad expedients, and obliged me to get Mrs. Tomkins to dispose, at a great disadvantage, of all the effects I had left. I saw my necessities increasing every day, and the means of supplying them grow less and less. I sent to Mrs. Mabel, in hopes that the ties of blood and friendship would induce

duce her to help her sister; by a strange fatality, Mrs. Mabel had left off trade, and settled in Wales. Mrs. Tomkins could not advance the smallest trifle. She told me frequently that she was poor, and had no credit. Being misled by the fallacious confidence which Mrs. Palmer reposed in her, she intreated me to return to my guardian. She blamed me for my obstinate behaviour. It was in vain for me to assure her that no one in the world had any concern for me, she would not believe me. Her honesty, her solicitude, even her compassion made her importunate, and sometimes troublesome. She was in pain to see me lose so considerably by the disposal of my effects, for which she could get, and that with difficulty, a very inconsiderable price. I heard no news from Lady Rutland, and had given over the expectation of any: Time at length having exhausted my little store, I came to that dreadful moment when, stripped of every thing, I in vain cast my melancholy looks around me, and saw nothing remaining which I had a power to dispose of.

This horrid distress moved my impatience, and made my mind revolt. After a train of tedious and hideous reflections, I fell upon the ground, gave full vent to my cries and groans, and abandoned myself to the violent agitations of a mind exasperated by a

continuance of adversity. In the bitterness of my affliction, I never raised my thoughts towards the source of all comfort, or implored the protection of that almighty Power which upholds all nature. A daring presumption misled me, gave me up a prey to discontent, by persuading me that the innocence of my conduct ought to make me the object of divine attention, ought to intitle me to his assistance and protection. I presumed to judge of the decrees of providence, whose active vigilance, though often concealed from our weak apprehensions, will safely direct those who submit to it's guidance, and wait with resignation the effects of it's heavenly will.

While I was under these dreadful agitations, Lidy's nurse came to acquaint me that a clergyman desired to speak with me. He followed her, and came into the room as she went out. I turned my head, and looking at him with my eyes full of tears, I waited for him to explain the occasion of his visit, being unable to ask him myself.

The poor man, moved at the condition in which he found me, viewed me with silent attention, and seemed co-founded. I made a sign for him to seat himself. He made a low bow; and drawing near to me: A Lady, said he, in a low trembling tone, whose generous

nerous heart delights in relieving the distressed, understood yesterday as she was going out of town, that there was a sick person here who might have occasion for her assistance. She left this note with me, charged me to deliver it to her, and to assure her of the continuance of her assistance so long as her condition makes it necessary. While he was uttering these words, he laid a paper upon the marble table which stood near me, and covering his face with his handkerchief, he went out of the room with great precipitation.

Astonished at his discourse, and at his behaviour, and being yet afraid to give way to hope, I took up the paper: It was a note of fifty pounds. In the first transport of my gratitude, I blest the generous hand a thousand times, whose benefaction had revived my dejected spirits. I thought that some heavenly Being had appeared before me, and miraculously conveyed this succour to me. I ran to acquaint Lidy with this fortunate event. I found her all in tears, and Mr. Peters, a worthy Ecclesiastic, holding her two hands, talking eagerly to her, and appearing, as well as her, to be violently affected.

He was the curate of a little town in the midst of the county of York. His good disposition led him to London, with a view

of doing an important piece of service to two of his parishioners, who were relations to Mrs. Tomkins; he lodged at her house, during his stay in town. Our melancholy condition moved his compassion. A truly pious zeal, a fervent charity inspired him with paternal affections towards all mankind. This worthy Ecclesiastic frequently visited Lidy, prayed by her, comforted her, and offered her assistance which he could not afford, without putting himself to inconvenience. The income of his living being barely forty pounds a year, this scanty provision was scarce sufficient to maintain his family, which consisted of a wife and two daughters. But the narrowness of his fortune, did not streighten his heart.

Being pleased with Lidy's principles, moved by her strong attachment to me, affected by the inquietude she expressed with regard to my fate, a restless inquietude, which alone was capable of disturbing the perfect resignation of such a spotless mind; he undertook to ease her apprehensions, and to discharge her from that painful burthen, by taking upon himself that load of care which laid so heavy upon her. He promised her, he solemnly protested that he would not quit London till Heaven had disposed of her, that he would be a support to me when she was gone, that he would take me to his own house,

house, that he would treat me as his daughter, as a child whom God himself directed him to adopt, and ordered him to take particular care of. This assurance, which in the circumstances of this venerable Ecclesiastic, was so exceedingly generous, had the desired effects. It composed Lidy's mind, made her turn her thoughts towards eternity, and wait, with less grief and terror, in expectation of the moment when Heaven should please to call her to himself.

She was thanking Mr. Peters, the instant I came into the room. When she saw me, she desired him to acquaint me with the subject of their conversation. This worthy Ecclesiastic repeated his generous intentions, but with great caution, even with timidity. He seemed to be afraid of wounding my ears by the sound of these expressions, which are appropriated to distinguish the superiority of the giver, over the indigent wretch who receives the benefaction. He did not endeavour to inspire me with gratitude, but to cheer my mind with healing consolation; his view was to make me forget my troubles, and not to assure me that he would relieve them. While Mr. Peters was speaking, my mind was not so much affected with a sense of my present situation, as with the hope of changing it for a better. Ah, Madam! Why is not every one blest with this soothing

ing method of conferring obligations! It is not misfortune alone which humbles us, it is the rude compassion of mankind. We do not blush because we are objects of pity, nor does poverty alone debase us; but we blush to expose our want to the eyes of the rich and ostentatious man, who thinks that his affluence gives him a right to despise the poor, even the poor wretch who has so much pride and dignity, as not to desire either his pity or his succour.

My grateful acknowledgements to Mr. Peters were adequate to his kindness; but his discourse shocked me terribly, by opening my eyes with regard to my dear Lidy's condition. The idea of an eternal separation had never entered my mind; I had great confidence in the skill of the physician who attended her. All my anxiety had been confined to the dread of losing the means of obtaining assistance from an art on which I had great dependence. A treacherous hope which my wishes gave birth to. I now saw myself at the point of losing my only friend, nothing could restore her to me, and I was soon to experience that no past grief can prepare the mind to support a new affliction. But can any grief be compared to that occasioned by the death of a beloved friend, to the horror of seeing the objects of our afflictions annihilated, gone for ever! To find
them

them taken away by an irresistible power, torn with violence from our embraces, and divided from us for ever! How limited is the feeble power of man! Ah, of what value are all the riches of this world! Alas, they can neither preserve nor restore the precious objects of our tender affections!

I told Lidy and Mr. Peters what a considerable present I had received from the Lady, whose benevolent heart made her interest herself in our misfortunes. I acquainted them with the comfortable assurance with which this present was attended. May Heaven, Miss, said she, inspire her with benevolence, and protect you! I do not leave you abandoned and destitute of an asylum, my wishes are fulfilled, and my last minutes will be happy.

The next day, I gave the bank-note to Mrs. Tomkins to get it changed. The agitation I was in the day before, would not allow me to reflect on the circumstances of such an uncommon liberality. How could my situation be known abroad? Who would acquaint that Lady with the distress of a poor sick girl, to whom her benefaction was directed? Why did the clergyman, who was entrusted with the pious office of relieving her distress, execute his commission with me? How did he learn my name? How came he

to ask for me, and never speak to her, who was the immediate object of that Lady's generosity? These questions, which I put to Mrs. Tomkins, confounded her. She hesitated, and seemed afraid of giving me an answer. Her confusion alarmed me; the object of a strong aversion, as well as the object of a tender affection, is ever present to our minds. I trembled at the thought of Lord Danby; for fear he should have discovered the place of my retreat. I was seized with horror at the supposition that another Palmer might have come, under that respectable habit, to lay new snares to entrap me.

After long apologies with regard to her good intentions, Mrs. Tomkins informed me at last, that having a niece in Lady Anglesey's service, she had carried to her some trinkets belonging to me, for which she had been offered only two guineas, and which her brother assured her were worth twelve. In order to engage her niece to shew them to her Lady, that she might be able to get a price for them more adequate to their value, she had disclosed the situation I was in, and complained of Mrs. Palmer's indiscretion, who ought not to have lodged two persons destitute of friends and of every assistance, in the house of a poor woman, whose heart was moved at their distress. She confessed that my name might have escaped her, and she

she shewed me a note from Bella, her niece; dated three days before the clergyman came to visit me. She therein told her aunt not to give herself any trouble about the trinkets, that Lady Anglesey would keep them, and would presently return the young Lady the value of them. In the mean-while, she sent four guineas to supply any present necessities; I had, in fact, received them: This explanation satisfied me, and made me resolve, without any scruple, to use this supply, which was necessary in my present situation, and to excuse the indiscretion of Mrs. Tomkins, which had been the means of procuring it for me.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Jennison, the clergyman, came to me from Lady Anglesey, and desired leave to see me. I received him in my closet; my melancholy dejection affected him exceedingly. He confirmed the account Mrs. Tomkins had given, by acquainting me that Lady Anglesey, being struck with Lidy's condition, of which one of her women had given a moving representation, was extremely solicitous to assist her. Mr. Jennison's extreme politeness induced him to distinguish Lidy's interest from mine; he affected not to know that I partook of her distress, and employed all his address to make me understand how advantageous Lady Anglesey's protection would be to me, if I
would

would agree to trust my welfare in her hands.

While he was speaking, I endeavoured to recollect a confused idea which I had of his features. He did not appear to be an absolute stranger to me. I thought that I had been acquainted with his person, either at Oxford, or at Lord Alderfon's. But the dread of some melancholy event kept my mind in continual agitation, and would not allow me sufficient composure to dwell for any time upon so frivolous an inquiry.

Mr. Jennison's liberal air, his kind expressions, the gentleness and tenderness of manners which was conspicuous throughout his conversation, inspired me with confidence. I neither concealed from him my distressed condition, nor the resources which were proposed to me. Mr. Peters's offer affected him greatly. He commended his zeal, admired it, and paused for some time; then rising to take his leave, he asked me if I would give him leave to wait on me the next day at the same hour. He told me that he should see Lady Anglesea, and would communicate a proposal to her which he durst not mention to me, till he knew whether she would approve of it or not. When he took his leave, he desired that I would not give way to melancholy, and he frequently assured me that my

my amiable qualities would procure me the assistance of compassionate and powerful friends. The next day he was punctual, and immediately on his coming in, he gave me a note from Lady Anglesea. I opened it with violent agitation, and read the following agreeable contents.

Lady ANGLESEY to Miss JENNY.

‘ D E A R Miss, I have desired Mr. Jennison to explain my intention to you. The merit he has discovered in you, attaches me to your interest. If I was not detained at home by some indispensable duties, I should take a real pleasure in coming to visit you, and comfort you, and to assure in person how desirous I am to contract an intimacy with you. Rely on Mr. Jennison; he is possessed of my confidence, and you will find him worthy of yours. I will fulfil every engagement which I enter into through his mediation; and I already subscribe myself, in the sincerity of my heart, your affectionate friend,

‘ The Countess of ANGLESEY.’

I was so astonished and affected at the generous conduct of this Lady, that I could scarce

scarce find words to express my gratitude. I would have thanked Mr. Jennison for the concern he took in the interest of an unfortunate girl; but he interrupted me. Before I acquaint you, said he, with the measures I have taken, before I inform you of their effects, allow me, Miss, to ask you if you have seriously reflected on the resolution you seem to have taken. The support which has been offered you, as you acquainted me yesterday, seems very inconsiderable. Mr. Peters is a worthy affectionate man. By his proposal to take you into his family, he has consulted his inclinations rather than his abilities. I applaud his noble intentions: But destitute as you are at present, when your compassionate tenderness has made you sacrifice every thing for the sake of Lidy, will you want nothing but an asylum? Besides, do you know whether the wife and daughters of that worthy Ecclesiastic will be pleased to see a stranger partake with them of that very scanty portion of his fortune, to which they have a natural right; you yourself, will you not be under continual uneasiness at the thought of lessening that pittance, and of seeing the family deny themselves a great deal, to afford you a little. Miss Jenny's heart will sigh incessantly under such a situation. I have by my endeavours procured you a retreat more suitable to your education, to your years, and to your sentiments.

ments. Lady Anglesey makes you the offer, and earnestly desires that you will accept of it. This Lady is a widow, she is young, amiable, virtuous, mistress of her fortune and will; she has long wished for a constant companion, whose complacent disposition and agreeable temper might attach her, and deserve her confidence: Such a one might, in her family, taste the delights of the most engaging society, without any degree of restraint or subjection. I spoke to her concerning you yesterday, and you suited her exactly. My recommendation, for reasons which are needless to mention, is of great weight with her. She will receive you kindly, will love you, and make your condition happy. Her protection will secure you from those dangers to which you will be exposed in London, and you will thereby avoid the regret of being chargeable to a man, who is already embarrassed with providing for the necessities of his own family.

I was silent, I pauzed, and hesitated. I durst not refuse, and yet was afraid to accept this offer. A thousand confused emotions kept my resolution in suspense. Mr. Jennison, surprized and uneasy to see me thus undetermined, expatiated with great earnestness on every particular which he thought might influence me to follow his advice. Dear Miss, said he, in a moving tone,

tone, your interest alone concerns me; that is my only inducement for pressing you to make good use of my endeavours. Do not reject a secure and honourable asylum, do not give me the mortification of having laboured in vain to make your life pleasant and tranquil, to procure you a sure and agreeable establishment, and a friend, who is in every respect worthy to be solicited.

There are certain situations, in which our depression of mind disposes us to avoid every thing which carries with it an appearance of splendor. It places happiness at an infinite distance from us, and prevents us from the exertion of that activity which is proper to attain it, at least so far as our desires are concerned. How often had I wished for the condition which was now offered to me! At leaving Lord Alderson's, it would have gratified my utmost desires; but at present the dejection which oppressed my mind made me prefer the humble cot of Mr. Peters, to the brilliant retreat which was offered me. Solitude and obscurity were suitable to the deep gloom of my reflections; but Heaven, whose goodness threw that worthy pastor in my way to direct my steps, to conceal me in the shade of retirement, to withdraw me from the world where I was to experience new afflictions, Heaven, I say, was determined to punish my discontent, my guilty dis-

distrust, by opening two ways before me, and leaving me at liberty to determine which path I would pursue.

The representations which Mr. Jennison made appeared to be judicious; his arguments and his intreaties at length determined me. I thought it would be wrong to abuse Mr. Peters's good nature, by going to a house where I might be troublesome to the owners, and occasion uneasiness and discontent. To interrupt the peace of a family who are contented with their middling condition of life, is endeavouring to disturb the admirable arrangement of providence, who, by a just distribution of it's blessings, grants the delights of contentment to such of it's children as are deprived of a more envied and less happy allotment.

These considerations induced me to prefer Lady Anglesey's kindness, to the affectionate offer of Mr. Peters. I only desired that he might be informed of Mr. Jennison's sollicitude in my behalf, and of the advice he gave me, submitting my conduct to the determination of that worthy Ecclesiastic. I sent for him, he came. At my request, Mr. Jennison acquainted him with Lady Anglesey's intentions. I shewed him her note, and gave him the absolute power of deciding my destiny.

I should be very sorry, Miss, said that generous man, to deprive you of the assistance of a rich and liberal Lady, who is inclined to serve you. If my fortune was equal to her's, I would not yield to her the pleasure of doing you service: But you ought not to balance between the offer of her protection and my friendship. Nevertheless, dear Miss, as content does not always attend splendor, if your situation with Lady Anglesey does not answer Mr. Jennison's expectations, and the wishes I form for your happiness, my house shall always be open to you. The inclinations and affections of great people grow weak by being multiplied, and extended to so many objects! If Lady Anglesey's inconstance should expose you to any uneasiness or mortification, remember that you have a friend in store less brilliant, but more sincere. A line from your hand will bring me to London. Dear Miss, he added, while I live, I will be a father to you; my abilities are small, but my affection is great, and will never fail you.

Being sure of not offending Mr. Peters by altering my resolution, I wrote to Lady Anglesey. My letter was conceived in terms of the most respectful gratitude. The answer she condescended to return, increased this sentiment. She kindly avoided every thing which might carry an appearance of distance
be-

between us. Mr. Jennison, when he presented me with this second proof of Lady Anglesey's kindness, told me that he had brought Bella, Mrs. Tomkins's neice, to London; my patroness had sent her to wait on me, and to attend me whenever I proposed going to that Lady. Alas! that time was destined to be one of the most grievous moments of my life.

Lidy desired to see Mr. Jennison, and recommended me to his care. On the day he saw her, she was very ill, breathed with great difficulty, and could scarce speak. Notwithstanding the darkness of the room, the curtains being drawn, Mr. Jennison perceived that she had but few hours to live. In concert with Mr. Peters, he took every measure suitable to the melancholy occasion; but he could not contrive to save me from the shocking scene, which he endeavoured to hide from my sight.

On the evening of that same day, towards midnight, I was sitting on Lidy's bed's-head. She asked for water, the nurse brought her some. But as she advanced the light, I perceived such a paleness and faintness on the face of my dying friend, that my heart beat within me, and a melancholy groan escaped me. Lidy sent her nurse away, took hold of my hand, clasped it feebly, and

finding that I was in a tremble; Why this terror, dear Miss? said she. What are you going to lose? What would you preserve? An useless friend, whose zeal has not been able to secure you. Your cruel adventure has given me a deadly wound. I have reproached myself bitterly, for having been accessary to your misfortune, by suffering a man to make his addresses to you, in whom I never had a perfect confidence. The consequences of my indiscreet behaviour in this respect, have broken my heart: May you, Miss, never recollect my fault, forgive it, forget it, and only remember the fidelity of my friendship. Ah, cease your tears, she continued, in a moving accent; do not sigh, bear with fortitude this loss, which is slight, when compared to those you have endured already. Promise me to take comfort; do not let me leave the world with the inexpressible grief of reflecting that my death is an addition to your misfortunes?

Ah, why, my dear Lidy, do you impute my misfortunes to yourself? said I, bedewing her with my tears: Live to share them with me, but do not accuse yourself as the cause of them. Join with me in prayers to Heaven, pray to God not to expose me to the most severe of all trials. Let us both supplicate the Deity not to divide our fates. Ah, may his goodness prolong your days,
or

or shorten mine. No, you shall not quit me, said I, you shall not leave me exposed to the wide world; you shall live for my sake. While I was speaking, I embraced her closely: I seemed as if I was determined to detain her, or oblige her to take me with her Ah, Madam, why did not the Supreme Being at that time call me to himself! What a loss! How grievously have I felt it! O Lidy, my sister, my companion, my friend! Alas! My tears, my regret, my cries directed towards thee, have perhaps, even in Heaven itself, disturbed the peace of thy mind, which was endued with too much sensibility.

I remained quite senseless on Lidy's bed. When I came to myself, I found that I was in my own chamber. Mrs. Tomkins and her niece had carried me thither. Mr. Peters and Mr. Jennison looked at each other in a moving manner. Bella gave me some salts. Her aunt and she seemed to be exceedingly affected. I inquired after Lidy, no one made me any answer. I repeated the question again and again. Mrs. Tomkins at last told me that Lady Anglesey's coach was at the door, where several of her servants waited for my orders. Ah, my God! said I, Lidy! my dear Lidy is dead! The mournful silence and melancholy looks of every one around me confirmed my misfortune,

tune. They could not hold me. I ran, or rather flew into her room. I threw myself on her lifeless, but precious remains Ah, how shall I always fix your attention, Madam, on melancholy subjects! Hurried on by the recollection of a grief which time has not diminished, I find that I am growing dull upon a subject which interests me alone. But here I stop; it is not my intention to move your sensibility. While I am communicating my misfortunes to you, an attempt to make you partake of them would be ungenerous.

Mr. Peters undertook to perform the office of a friend, and to discharge the last duties towards a girl of whose eternal felicity he made no doubt. I left twenty guineas with him for this purpose. I made Mrs. Tomkins a present of ten, as a slight recompence for her attachment to my interest. I often embraced the good, the worthy Mr. Peters. I received, with due respect, the kind benedictions he gave me. I promised to write to him, I was unwilling to leave him; but I was under a necessity of forcing myself from that house. At length, with the assistance of Bella, Mr. Jennison carried me away. I thought that he would present me to Lady Anglesey himself; but when I was seated in the coach with Bella, he took hold of one of my hands, and squeezing

squeezing it gently : Adieu, dear Miss, said he, the tears starting from his eyes, adieu. An indispensable duty will keep me absent from you a long time. I do not know the precise time when I shall see you again ; but I carry with me the flattering hope of meeting with you in a happy situation. If Lady Anglesey fulfils her engagements, if you are satisfied with her conduct towards you, you will sometimes recollect the man whom she honours with her esteem, and whose most ardent wishes are to deserve, and hereafter to obtain the title of Miss Jenny's friend. Having said this, he shut the door, and gave orders to the servants; and the coach, attended by two men on horseback, took the road to Jutton-court.

It was about noon, when I arrived at the seat where Lady Anglesey then made her residence. Bella conducted me into a magnificent apartment, appropriated, as she told me, to my use. The minute after, Lady Anglesey came in, running to me with open arms ; and, preventing the motion I made to throw myself at her feet, she eagerly pressed me to her bosom. What would you do, Miss ! said she. It is not your patroness, it is your friend who embraces you. I will participate of your uneasiness, till your mind is sufficiently composed to partake of my felicity. Let us from this moment banish all

distinction between us ; let us live like two affectionate sisters, and let no one who sees us together, be able to determine on which of us fortune has been pleased to shed her favours.

This kind reception, the grace, the noble air and amiable figure of the person who spoke thus tenderly to me, suspended for a while the painful sense of grief. I looked on Lady Anglesey as an angel of light. You are acquainted with her, Madam, you will not doubt but that she must have made a powerful impression on a mind of any sensibility and gratitude. My attachment, which took birth from this instant, has continually grown stronger, from a more intimate acquaintance with her character. It will continue so long as I live. I am ready to give her a most powerful proof. Doomed to lose what is dear to me above every thing, I cannot be with Lady Anglesey without drawing tears from her, and opening an inexhaustible source of affliction to myself.

Long watchings, continual inquietude, pungent sorrow, and the agitations I underwent through the dread of losing Lidy, and the faint hope of preserving her, threw me into a dangerous inflammation. Lady Anglesey took particular care of me, she honoured me with so much attention, her kindness

ness was attended with such affecting endearment, all her actions expressed such a tender concern for me, that gratitude induced me to keep my sorrows to myself, and not to discover any symptoms of uneasiness in the presence of my generous protectress. I at length recovered my health, but could not get the better of that excessive languor which depressed me.

Lady Anglesey allowed me to wear mourning for Lidy, and made Bella, who passed from her service into mine, go in mourning likewise. This girl was the only one who knew the melancholy state of my fortune. Her aunt had told her what a helpless and miserable condition I was reduced to, without acquainting her with the cause of it, to which she was herself a stranger. Bella faithfully kept the secret, according to my Lady's injunctions, with regard to my residence in town, and my manner of living there. The rest of the family thought me a relation of Lady Anglesey's, and that I was just come from the county of Kent. Before she presented me, under that character, to her acquaintance, she affected to speak of me as a young country girl quite bashful and melancholy, indeed somewhat unsocial, who being wholly engrossed by the recent loss of her mother, was averse from all consolation, avoided every opportunity of dis-

sipation, and seemed to delight in indulging her gloomy melancholy.

My behaviour confirmed the idea which my Lady gave of me. I could not persuade myself to stay in her apartment during the time she received company. When any visitors came, I withdrew precipitately, or if complaisance detained me, my silence and sadness made me quite useless, and no doubt disagreeable to a circle, where there was nothing but gayety going forward. I had no relish for those frivolous kinds of conversation, which turned on topicks to which I was a stranger, and which appeared to me either insipid or disgusting.

That kind of misfortune which is attended with inward humiliation, is imprinted upon our whole frame in very visible characters. It casts a gloom over our spirits, as well as over our countenance. It inspires us with a distrust of others, and of ourselves likewise; it gives us a timid air, and awkward appearance. Under such a state every thing is a restraint upon us, every thing perplexes us. The attention we draw becomes troublesome to us, because we are afraid of being too closely observed. Our thoughts take a serious turn, our reflections grow severe. We do not properly associate with
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those around us, we examine them, we judge them. By losing that placid disposition which inclines those who are happy towards indulgence, our eyes are too much turned towards the inconveniencies of society, and we do not sufficiently consider it's advantages. I was a long while before I could conceive how men who were always ready to ridicule each other, who were incessantly tearing each others characters to pieces, who made no allowance for each others failings nor mistakes, yet nevertheless did not hate each other; nay, upon urgent occasions, would serve and oblige each other with as much zeal and ardour, as if they had the most tender affection for one another.

My fondness for retirement often exposed me to Lady Anglesey's gentle reproofs. Having made her acquainted with all the inquietudes which disturbed my mind, she blamed me for still preserving so lively a recollection of them. I have been very unhappy myself, said she; formerly I shed tears as you do now; like you I had contracted the habit of weeping and sighing, quite retired from the world. The change of my fortune then made no alteration in my disposition; but gratitude, reason and friendship, have at length restored to me that serenity of countenance, which bespeaks inward content of mind. The generous friend, whose soli-

citude prevented my desires, and exceeded my hopes, would never have enjoyed the favours he bestowed, if he had thought that they did not contribute to my happiness. Follow my example, my dear Jenny, she continued, embracing me; you are no longer deserted: Do not say any more, nay do not think that the universe only presents to your imagination a vast desert, where you tread with faltering and with trembling steps. I excuse your shedding tears to the memory of Lidy; but ought you to lament her for ever? Why will you persist in recalling to mind what is past, and turn away your eyes from the agreeable prospect on which they ought to be fixed at present? Of what avail are your vain regrets on account of an adventure at which Lord Danby alone has reason to blush? Is there any thing for which you can justly reproach yourself? You weep, dear Miss, said she, redoubling her caresses, you weep; my arguments do not persuade you; my friendship cannot comfort you; you think yourself so miserable, that you think it impossible ever to forget your misfortunes. Ah, what would you feel then, if love, adding it's restless torments to your misfortunes, should make your grief a hundred, nay a thousand times more pungent? Your credulity has been abused, but not your confidence. It was an affectionate partiality which led you to give credit to Lord Danby's

VOWS.

vows. He was indifferent to you; you now despise, you hate him, your sentiments with regard to him are invariable. But what if you loved him and hated him at the same time; if, while you avoided him, you had an ardent and incessant longing to see him; if the tie which united you, should be dear to your affections; if, in losing the husband, you regretted the lover; if, like me, seduced by all the engaging circumstances of love, you had made an uncommon sacrifice with the view of rendering the object of your sincere affections happy, and of being indebted to him for your own felicity; if you had ever experienced the cruel torment of loving, of adoring an ungrateful How, Madam, said I, interrupting her, with equal astonishment and concern, Have you ever felt the pangs of grief! Has the lovely Lady Anglesey placed her affections on an ungrateful object! Has she ever met with mortifications! Ah, wherefore, Miss, she replied, wherefore should not I undergo the common lot of all mortals? How have I deserved to enjoy happiness without alloy? When my tears streamed apace, I had not the pleasing comfort which ought to stop the current of yours. My own imprudence was the cause of my misfortunes. An indiscreet fondness made me give way to my inclinations, and yield to the importunities of a lover. Men have the art to persuade us that

their happiness is in our hands. From this dangerous supposition, which is too strongly imprinted in our minds, arises that generous pity, that kind condescension to their desires, which the ungrateful wretches call a weakness, when it ceases to make them happy.

Yes, my dear Jenny, continued the Countess, *I have met with mortifications*. By gratifying my most ardent wishes, I incurred the just punishment of a conduct which was both rash and cruel, as it afflicted two noble families, who at that very instant were solicitously engaged in securing to me an immense fortune. I see in your eyes, said she, how difficult it is for you to imagine that my condition has ever been otherwise than happy. My dear friend, do not deceive yourself; the account which I am going to give you, will convince you how much you are misled by appearances.

If you was an entire stranger, Madam, to the event which caused Lady Anglesey's uneasiness, I should be silent on that head. But I think it my duty to acquaint you with some particulars which will contribute to clear her from the imputation of ingratitude and obstinacy, of which she was accused at that time. Lord Arundel, whose interest was so much affected by an indiscretion to which he fell a victim, has, by his esteem
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for his sister-in-law, justified her conduct. The continuance of that Nobleman's friendship, is the highest encomium on Lady Anglesey. He might have been civil to her, and have endeavoured to make her life pleasant and agreeable ; but he would never have been her friend, if he had not discovered in her a character, a turn of sentiment worthy of his attachment. Youth and love may lead us astray. My Lady's indiscretion will appear very excusable. All her acquaintance, whom she honours with her intimacy, do justice to the respectable qualities of her heart. Read then, Madam, read the faithful narrative she made me ; she speaks in her own person, and I intreat you to hear her with indulgence.

The History of the Countess of ANGLESEY.

THE Earls of Arundel and Latimer, who were intimate friends from their childhood, were married at the same time to two daughters of the late Lord Anglesey. The eldest brought no advantage to Lord Arundel, but a title for his second son. The youngest, who was very rich, by means of an inheritance she derived from one of her aunts, brought a considerable accession to Lord Latimer's fortune. Lord Arundel had two sons. It pleased Heaven to bless his friend

friend with one daughter only. Her name was Sophia, and she was from her very birth designed for the young Lord Anglesey. Lady Latimer's partiality to the name of her ancestors, and the uninterrupted friendship between the two families, made them strongly inclined to form an alliance which would make the fortunes of the two brothers equal, without doing any prejudice to the rights of the elder. The two children, who had been engaged to each other from their infancy, were farther attached by a solemn deed: Whereby the party, whose inclinations should be contrary to this settlement, and oppose the intended union, was cut off from all expectations. This deed was valid only on the supposition of Lady Sophia's being sole heiress to the family estate. Lady Arundel and the Earl of Latimer dying soon after it was signed, their wills gave it additional confirmation.

General Hymore, who was a Baronet, and a relation to Lady Latimer, had been her guardian. She regarded him as a friend, whose fondness and solicitude had been devoted to the attention of making her rich and happy. Since the marriage of his ward, the peace giving him an opportunity of retirement, he made his abode in the county of Kent, where he had a small estate, but delightfully situated. Lady Latimer, who
became

became a widow at the age of twenty, found that she had still occasion for this friend's assistance. She earnestly importuned him to return to London; but he could not consent to quit a retirement, to which love had attached him, and which made him happy.

He had lately married Miss Volseley, whose family, youth and beauty was all her fortune. I was the only fruit of their union, and when my father died was scarce three years old. By his death Lady Hymore lost several considerable annuities, which enabled them to live in affluence and splendor. Lady Latimer was acquainted with her, and had a very affectionate regard for her. She pressed her to come to town, with a view to solicit an augmentation of the pension which is usually allowed to the widows of those who have defended their country. My mother, having determined to follow her advice, was resolved not to leave me to the care of strangers. Six weeks after my father's death, she set out for London, and took me with her.

Lady Latimer insisted on her accepting an apartment in her house. I partook of Lady Sophia's, her daughter, who was but two years older than myself. Lady Latimer took such delight in Lady Hymore's company, she importuned her so strongly not to re-
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turn into the country, that after having finished her business at court, my mother yielded to her friendly intreaties, and continued to live with her. But whether the foggy air of London did not agree with her constitution, or whether she brought to town with her a propensity to the most cruel of all distempers, she was attacked by a consumption, of which she languished for some time, and at last died, four years after my father.

Lady Latimer's sincere friendship did not expire with my mother. She became a parent to me, and punctually fulfilled the promise she made to Lady Hymore in her last moments, never to forsake me. She continued to educate me with Lady Sophia; her masters were mine also; her mother's attention and caresses were distributed equally between us. Notwithstanding the difference between my moderate fortune, and her's which was immense, we were attended and clothed alike. While we were so young as to remain in a state of happy ignorance, with regard to the advantages annexed to riches, we lived together in a tolerable degree of friendship. Being of a mild disposition, I was not inclined to dispute with her that superiority which her haughty temper made her assume over our little play-fellows, and over myself. When my reason grew stronger, I became less complaisant. When I perceived that

that the difference of our fortunes made her so arrogant, I thought it a disgrace to me to give way. Our childish plays were often interrupted by little bickerings, and oftener still were wholly put an end to by downright quarrels.

Lady Sophia, though she had no disagreeable features, was neither handsome nor pretty. Her person had nothing striking in it. When you looked at her, you could not help considering the reason why she did not inspire you with any kind of sentiment. But her temper did not occasion the same indifference: It made her intolerable to every one who had the misfortune to be under her subjection. Arrogance, caprice, and vanity, made up the sum of her character. She was obstinately bent on attaining whatever she desired; she would have it that instant; but the objects of her desires changed with such rapidity, that it was impossible to gratify them time enough to prevent the inconstancy of her taste, and the mutability of her fancy.

The young Lord Anglesey, who was often admitted to play with us, was continually offended at Lady Sophia's whimsical extravagance. She required a degree of complaisance from him, which he was not disposed to shew her. Being forced to pay
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constant court to her, and to seem always ready to oblige her, he considered the necessity he was under of visiting her, and paying such assiduous attention to her, as a disagreeable and constrained duty. A natural inclination induced him to prefer me; I perceived it. He durst not freely give way to his affections; and I was afraid of discovering that I took notice of them. Our situation taught us both very early to conceal our sentiments. We learned to dissemble them, before we were well acquainted with them. The young Lord studied my taste, I adopted his; if I was fond of an amusement, it became agreeable to him: Whatever he proposed, I liked it immediately. He frequently gave me in private the flowers which Lady Sophia had made him a present of, or brought me some trifle which my companion had asked of him in vain. I began to be pleased with these little sacrifices, and did not foresee the dangerous consequences of these growing assiduities. But our childhood passes away insensibly; we become mature; our inclinations ripen with us; our understanding expands, our minds open, certain confused emotions affect our hearts, which make us sensible of, and fond of our existence. Every thing then wears a new appearance; self-love takes place, which learns us to distinguish those who are studious to oblige us, and too often induces us to re-ward

ward the first homage paid to our charms, with the return of a sincere affection.

Nothing could be more amiable than Lord Anglesey. I did not leave Lady Sophia, and had an opportunity of seeing him every day. We said nothing particular to each other, but we were continually conversing with our eyes. Without any previous explanation concerning the meaning of our looks and gestures, we readily understood them. In time, all our actions and motions became a kind of significant language which expressed what passed in our hearts. This dumb correspondence was at that time confined to communicate the mutual disgust, which Lady Sophia's haughty temper gave us; but it extended every day, and the more we advanced in years, the more lively and interesting it became.

Sir Charles Arundel, the Earl of Anglesey's brother, visited us but seldom. Being brought up about the Prince of Wales, the assiduity with which he paid his court to him, and his vast application to his studies, engrossed his whole time. He already discovered many distinguished qualities, and uncommon virtues. He expressed great friendship for me; but Lady Sophia's temper disgusted him, and her capriciousness kept him at a distance from us.

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She was fifteen, I was thirteen, and Lord Anglesey seventeen, when the two brothers set out to visit the different courts of Europe. The Earl wept when he took leave of us; my tears accompanied his. His absence occasioned me uncommon concern. Two months after his departure, Lord Arundel engaged Lady Latimer to pass a summer in Hertfordshire, where he had an estate. She took her daughter with her, and I attended them. Though it was the most delightful spot in the world, though there were a thousand different amusements, horse races, and a crowd of company, yet nothing could replace in my affection the pleasure of seeing Lord Anglesey: I continually regretted the loss of such delightful society, which was grown habitual to me. My thoughts being constantly employed about him, I indulged the pleasing recollection, I called to mind his features, his actions, his most indifferent expressions. I loved to hear his name mentioned. When Lord Arundel received letters from his sons, my heart fluttered; my eyes were fixed upon them; and the sight of them occasioned me the most violent emotions. If he read any passages to Lady Latimer or her daughter, I listened with close attention. I was afraid, and yet wished, that he should make mention of me in his letter to the Earl. A mere compliment from him put me in confusion, and made me glow with

with blushes; I seemed as if I had a secret to conceal, and I thought that the most distant expression might make a discovery.

Whatever belonged to Lord Anglesey began to be dear to my affections. Lord Arundel became the object of my attention and complaisance. I distinguished him by the most flattering regard, and preferred his conversation to every other pleasure which depended on my choice. The state of my mind gave me a serious and thoughtful turn. It occasioned that nobleman to take an attachment to me. My talents amused him, and at length he began to relish my humour. My disposition, the openness and sincerity of my sentiments, inspired him with esteem and friendship for me. By degrees, my features made a strong impression on his senses, and he was passionately fond of me, before he suspected that a child could make a conquest of him.

Lord Arundel entered into his forty-sixth year. He was well made, and might still hope to make himself agreeable. His extreme fondness for Sir Charles, made him averse to all thoughts of a second marriage. He was unwilling to lessen the fortune of that favourite son, by introducing brethren, whose share might lessen his. He struggled against his inclinations, and carefully concealed

cealed them; without taking any resolution to deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing me, he smothered his affections within his own bosom, and seemed persuaded, from my behaviour to him, that I should sympathize with him, if I knew his partiality for me.

After two years absence, Sir Charles and his brother returned to London. On seeing each other, we were struck with equal surprise. We admired the alteration which time had made in us both. My Lord seemed to be of compleat stature. His features being more settled, made him appear still more amiable. I was grown; and he found new charms in me. When he first saluted me, he was confused, and the sight of him perplexed me. We could not speak to each other, but I presently read in his eyes that I still retained a preference in his heart; and I felt a secret pleasure in perceiving that he entertained the same indifference as ever towards Lady Sophia. His presence inspired me with delight; nevertheless, from an emotion for which I should then have been at a loss to have accounted, I found myself disconcerted by the attention he paid to me, and the encomiums he bestowed on me. I blushed at seeing him make the same signs, which were formerly so familiar between us. So far from returning them, I cast my eyes
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downwards, and avoided his looks, which occasioned me an uneasy sensation. For several days, I was afraid to behave otherwise than with a kind of reserved politeness, which might easily be mistaken for indifference.

One evening he seized the opportunity when Lady Sophia was engaged; he gave me a letter; and with a most serious and affecting air, he desired me to read it with attention, and answer it with kindness.

These few words, the moving manner in which he uttered them, his expressive looks, and the sight of the paper he put into my hands, filled my mind with confusion and agitation. I took the letter, and put it up directly. When I was alone, I opened it eagerly, and read the following contents:

*Lord ANGLESEY's Letter to Miss ADELINE
HYMORE.*

‘ IF Miss Adeline had not forgotten a time,
 ‘ which is ever present to my remem-
 ‘ brance; if she still understood the language
 ‘ of my eyes; if, as formerly, she would
 ‘ condescend to talk to me with hers, I
 ‘ should not be obliged to put her in mind
 ‘ of a friendship which is extinct in her bo-
 ‘ som,

‘ som, though still lively and ardent in
‘ mine.

‘ During a tedious and melancholy ab-
‘ sence, I have, though distant from you,
‘ preserved the remembrance of our infan-
‘ cy, of your favours, of that delightful
‘ sympathy which then united our hearts by
‘ unknown ties. I try, in vain, to recover
‘ the traces of those happy times: Miss A-
‘ deline has effaced me from her memory.

‘ Of what service would that friendship,
‘ of which you cruelly deprive me, be to me
‘ at present! Dear Miss, if you took part
‘ in my concerns, how many things have I
‘ to entrust to your confidence. I love and
‘ I hate: constrained to pay my addresses
‘ to a person who is disagreeable to me, I
‘ cannot gain access to the object of my af-
‘ fections. I see her whom I love, and can-
‘ not speak to her. I had but one way of
‘ expressing my love. Signs, which were
‘ formerly intelligible, would still interpret
‘ my sentiments, and she who is dear to my
‘ soul, would comprehend their meaning;
‘ but how shall I explain myself? Miss
‘ Adeline turns her eyes away from me.
‘ She would read in mine that my heart
‘ adores her! But, ungrateful as she is,
‘ she will no longer understand me.’

I read this letter again and again, being so much affected the first time I ran it over, that I could not understand the meaning. I repeated these words with a kind of transport: *She would read in mine that my heart adores her.* I did not yet know the nature of my affection for Lord Anglesey. This tender expression was a ray of light which led me to discover the nature and violence of my passion. Giving full scope to that enchanting confusion which agitates our minds, on the first avowal of a fondness which we inspire and feel in return, I wrote to the Earl. My hand followed with rapidity the dictates of my heart. I reproached myself for a conduct which had given him uneasiness, and I thought that I could not be sufficiently sincere and tender in making reparation for my injustice.

The next day, I seriously reflected on my own situation, and on that of Lord Anglesey. To whom was I going to confess my inclinations? To a man with whose engagements I was acquainted, whose unavoidable union with Lady Sophia was to be concluded in two months; I sighed. Tears escaped from my eyes: I found my affections unhappily placed, and was afraid that I should act wrong in discovering my sentiments. I was going to tear the letter. One of our attendants, coming from Lady Latimer to look

for me, prevented my intentions. The letter remained in my bosom; but I made a firm resolution not to deliver it, and to conceal my tenderness for Lord Anglesey. I did not know at that time what dominion the desires of a favourite lover assume over our will; and with what ease they frustrate all our resolutions not to gratify them.

When I saw Lord Anglesey come in, I no longer applauded the sacrifice I had made to reason and duty. I felt uncommon uneasiness at being forced to exert such a painful effort. He never before appeared so amiable and engaging. His uncertainty whether I should favour his addresses, gave him an air of inquietude, which was highly affecting. I was afraid to look towards him, but when he spoke, the mildness of his accent threw me into an agitation, and his conversation affected me with a tender and compassionate sympathy. I was conscious that I should make him uneasy, by refusing the answer he intreated. He asked for it by reiterated signs, which I too well understood. Every motion expressed his impatience. I made a sign, by which I gave him to understand, that it was in vain for him to expect an answer. His countenance was immediately overcast with melancholy, a gloomy inquietude darkened every feature. I perceived him change colour, and labour to
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suppress the starting tear. My heart was moved; my prudent resolutions vanished; his sufferings made me forget every thing; and yielding to his secret importunities, I had the weakness to give him the letter.

From that time, we never passed a day without writing to each other. Being devoted to love, I banished from my thoughts every reflection which might oppose this pleasing propensity: Fond letters, which were the only interpreters of our sentiments, served to increase their vivacity. We were delighted with interchanging mutual assurances of eternal affection, and we forgot the improbability of it's promoting our happiness. Satisfied with loving each other, and with the opportunities of declaring our fondness, this secret commerce seemed to compleat our felicity. The approach of Lady Sophia's marriage afflicted me greatly, but without occasioning that kind of uneasiness which arises from jealousy. The innocence of my inclinations did not allow me the hope of ever acquiring the rights of a wife. Being from my infancy accustomed to reflect on this marriage, I comforted myself with the hope that I should never live apart from Lord Anglesey, though I could not be married to him: I was still to accompany Lady Sophia; and every wish which I formed in the simplicity of my heart, was confined to the pleasure of

having Lord Anglesey always in my sight. I thought his desires were of the same nature, and I was a stranger to his intentions. An unforeseen accident made a change in our situation. I thought my own extremely miserable, but my Lord overcame all the difficulties which opposed his inclinations.

Lady Sophia's wedding was to be celebrated in three weeks, when Lord Arundel received the news of his brother's death, who had for a long time been governor of Carolina. Being very old, and having lost his only son, he appointed Sir Charles, the eldest of his nephews, his heir, and left Lord Anglesey five and twenty thousand pounds sterling in bank stock: He obliged his heir to pay this sum into my Lord's own hands, intending that he should enjoy it freely and independently, and make such use of it, as he judged best for his interest. This legacy gave Lord Anglesey a pleasure, which surprized all who were intimately acquainted with him. From the known generosity of his disposition, no one could have imagined that an increase of fortune could have transported him so much.

An exact schedule of the Governor's immense effects came to London, together with his will. Upon examining the schedule, Lord Arundel found those desires re-
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vive within him which he had suppressed, but of which the principle was still subsisting. He thought he might give way to his inclinations, and gratify a passion which his childrens interest no longer induced him to oppose. Sir Charles became immensely rich by this inheritance. Lord Anglesey had his uncle's legacy, his wife's fortune, and Lady Latimer's, which was secured to him. Lord Arundel himself was in possession of a large fortune: So much riches in his family, left him at liberty to enter into new engagements, without prejudice to his children, who were so well provided for; he was now in a condition to make a settlement on a wife, to make a provision for younger children, if his family increased, and to secure a comfortable old age, by choosing a companion who might be attached to him from motives of gratitude. As he had a regard for Lady Latimer, he entrusted her with his sentiments and designs; he asked her advice, and submitted his conduct to her decision.

That Lady, whose kindness to me had never been impaired, having been able to collect, from the shattered remains of my fortune, no more than five thousand pounds, did not expect to find a match for me suitable to my birth, and the narrowness of my fortune prevented her entertaining any thoughts of marrying me. Lord Arundel's inten-

tions delighted her; she approved of the proposal, and in my name, accepted the honour he designed me. Being of an eager, as well as an obliging disposition, he began to talk about the settlement, and to fix the day of our marriage. In less than two hours, every thing was proposed, approved, and agreed upon between them, and their words irrevocably passed.

Delighted with the splendid fortune which was proposed for me, and not doubting but that I should readily acquiesce, Lady Latimer hastened to inform me that I was to accompany her daughter to the altar. She wished me joy, by the title of Countess of Arundel, which I was to take upon me. At the same time, she introduced my Lord into my closet, presented him to me as a generous lover, ordered me to treat him with kindness, and be disposed to bestow my heart when I received his hand. She then withdrew, to give him an opportunity of explaining his intentions himself.

Being quite astonished, confounded and perplexed, I remained motionless, and almost stupid. My Lord spoke to me, and I did not hear him. He took hold of one of my hands, which he kissed, and I had not the power to withdraw it. I do not know how long his visit continued; I had no recollection

collection of any thing that passed. Being too prone to flatter himself, he construed my confusion and silence into an approbation of his addresses. He attributed my behaviour to that fear and perplexity which one of my sex and age might naturally be susceptible of upon such an occasion. He thought that I entertained a partiality in his favour, and he gave me to understand as much. Till that moment, my looks might have assured him of the sincerity of my friendship; but his present intentions destroyed that sentiment. I loved Lord Anglesey's father, but I detested his rival; and the first emotion which brought me to myself, was that of a settled aversion to Lord Arundel.

At length he left my closet. I no sooner lost sight of him, than my eyes gushed with tears. Being accustomed from my infancy to obey Lady Latimer, to regard her as my mother, it did not even enter into my head, that it was possible for me to resist her commands. My marriage seemed inevitable; and I grieved beyond measure. My heart was pierced with sorrow when I saw all my hopes overthrown. I was not allowed to accompany Lady Sophia at Lord Anglesey's, I was to renounce the happiness of passing my days in his company. I was to do much more! I was commanded to love another. I was not at liberty to preserve my sentiments

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towards him, nor to wish the continuance of his. As his father's wife, my duty would put me under the cruel necessity of forgetting his love, and of effacing the recollection of my own.

Lady Latimer came into my closet again. Astonished to find me in tears: What childishness is this, Miss Adeline! said she. Wherefore are these tears? When I come to rejoice with you on your good fortune, I find you quite insensible to my solicitude for your welfare, to your own interest, and to the honour done you by an union with one of the Peers of the realm. Can you have any objections to Lord Arundel's addresses? Speak, Miss, explain to me the meaning of this unaccountable affliction, which I never expected. What could I answer? My only objection to my marriage was my affection for Lord Anglesey. No other reason, for refusing Lord Arundel, occurred to my mind. I hoped, Madam, I hoped that I should never leave you, said I at length, my tears streaming still faster. I thought to have lived with Lady Sophia; my heart flattered itself that you would allow me always to preserve the fond title of your daughter. I desired no other, I wished for no other Ah, my dear child, you will still be more closely related to me by this alliance, said my Lady, interrupting me

me and embracing me affectionately. We shall make but one family, and the Countess of Arundel will be as dear to me as ever Miss Adeline was. Then, pleasantly turning my uneasiness into matter of raillery, she left me, desiring me to assume a more cheerful air, and dispose myself to receive the congratulations of my friends, and the assiduities of Lord Arundel in a suitable manner.

They were so far from foreseeing any obstacles to this marriage, that it was treated of without any affectation of secrecy. Before the day was over, the report had spread abroad, and my Lord was complimented that very evening.

When Lady Latimer left me alone, I opened the letter which I had ready for Lord Anglesey. I added, by way of postscript, the dreadful tidings of his father's intentions, the account of his visit, and of Lady Latimer's consent. Being under the influence of that persuasion that my obedience was indispensable, I did not ask for his advice or assistance, but only solicited his kind compassion. I only wished that he might sympathize with me, pity me, partake of my troubles, and mingle his tears with mine. My melancholy expressions represented the distressed state of my mind, but did not suggest any idea of opposition. I did not think

that I was at liberty to oppose Lady Latimer's will, and I considered myself as a devoted victim, which could not avoid it's destiny.

In such a disposition of mind, solitude would have been agreeable to me ; but the necessity I was under of delivering the letter to Lord Anglesey myself, obliged me to go down stairs. I went as usual to Lady Latimer's apartment, and concealed my melancholy distress within my own breast. When Lord Anglesey came in, I felt uncommon uneasiness ; he had been acquainted with our common misfortune. His eyes, which were red and inflamed, shewed that he had been shedding tears. He complained of a pretended sickness, called for salts, and his dejected appearance concerned every one. I drew near him, and, like the rest, inquired into the cause of his illness. He gave me a letter, and received mine. Being unable to endure his presence, without discovering my grief, I withdrew, after acquainting him by a sign with the reason which obliged me to retire.

When I was shut up in my closet, I opened his letter, which I bedewed with my tears. The thought that it would soon be out of my power to receive another from that dear hand, redoubled the bitterness of my affliction. I was a long time before I read the

characters, which were hastily penned, and half obliterated by his tears. Lord Arundel, as he rose from table, acquainted his sons with his intended marriage. Sir Charles expressed much joy. But grief and astonishment were visible in Lord Anglesey's countenance. A low bow was all the return he made. He immediately withdrew; and writing to me in the sudden transport of his anger and indignation, he expressed himself with such impetuosity, abruptness and confusion, that his letter was scarce intelligible. But his expressions, which were without order or connection, were not the less affecting to a tender and passionate mind, under the influence of the same agitations. I passed the whole night in fretting, in writing to my Lord, in reading his letter again and again, in bewailing the rigour of my destiny, but without forming the least scheme to counteract the necessity of submitting to it.

Lord Anglesey was offended at my submission to Lady Latimer's commands. My letter, which convinced him that I was determined to obey, threw him into despair. His answer was one continued wrangle. He loaded me with reproaches, he accused me of having deceived him by a fallacious tenderness, of being false to my engagements, to love and friendship, to every sentiment of which my hand and eyes had in vain given

him assurance, since my weak resolution abandoned them all, at the very instant that I was called upon to give him a proof of my kindness. He maintained that I was under no obligation of sacrificing my own happiness and his dearest hopes to the false notion of discharging a chimerical duty. Lady Latimer could not require of me a blind conformity to her will. Why should I renounce my own freedom on such an important occasion, wherein I was the sole arbitress of my own fate? After these bitter complaints, he had recourse to the most pathetic representations, and the most ardent intreaties. To fresh assurances of his love and constancy, he added a thousand oaths never to wed Lady Sophia, and to live only for me. He pointed out an effectual method of preventing his marriage and mine, by attaching himself to me by indissoluble ties. He expatiated on the delights of an union formed by love. He described them with ardour. He required me to pass an irrevocable promise that I would put my whole confidence in him, and second his enterprizes whenever the time came to execute the scheme he meditated, a scheme which would ensure our mutual felicity.

Never, till that moment, did my imagination entertain such a delightful prospect. The happiness of being married to Lord An-

Anglesey never entered into my thoughts. I loved him without any future views; hope had not yet opened to desire a passage into my heart. The flattering images which danced before me, gave birth to new sensations. My thoughts wandered towards a thousand various and delightful objects. I anticipated the pleasures of an happy union. To be at all times with my lover, in all places, to enjoy his continual proofs of tenderness, without any participation, to engross to myself all the affections of his soul, to be at liberty to talk freely to him! To avow a propensity so long concealed, and to glory in declaring it! What pleasures presented themselves to my deluded mind! How could one of my age and sensibility, prepossessed with so powerful an inclination, without any direction, without any advice, importuned by the most amiable and beloved of men——How could I resist him? I promised to receive him as the sole arbiter of all my inclinations, of every part of my conduct, and I solemnly vowed to put myself under his direction, whose sentiments were become the rule of mine.

Being now under greater restraint than before, we scarce dared to look at each other. Lord Arundel was very assiduous in his addresses. Sir Charles visited me every day. My friends and relations all flocked round me.

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me. I was loaded with unseasonable gratulations. Lady Latimer appointed women to attend me, and gave me a separate apartment to receive my visitors. Lord Arundel every day sent me magnificent presents. His love, his attention, his generosity, embarrassed me, and did not inspire me with a return of gratitude. But I suffered extremely on finding myself under the cruel necessity of being ungrateful to Lady Latimer. I never looked at her, without suddenly turning my eyes away and blushing. I did not yet know what proof of my compliance Lord Anglesey required, and I waited with impatience for the communication of his designs.

Since the promise I made to him, he said nothing more with regard to his intentions. I opened his letters with inquietude, and looked for the important secret he was to impart to me. He did not explain himself. Protestations of his tenderness, needless vows, tedious assurances of his fidelity, filled up every page. He conjured me not to be uneasy, to affect a compliance with his father's desires: He reminded me of my promise, exhorted me to perseverance, and swore that I should never be Lady Arundel, nor Sophia Countess of Anglesey.

Nevertheless the time elapsed, the fatal moment drew near, the articles were signed,
the

the licence obtained. The day preceding the solemnization of the intended marriage came, without my having received any directions how I was to avoid, the next day, receiving a title at the foot of the altar, of which the very idea shocked all my senses.

Before supper, there was a concert of vocal and instrumental musick at Lady Latimer's. She called to me at the moment the company were going into the drawing-room; and making me a present of a rich pocket book, she assured me that it contained five bank notes, of a thousand pounds each. This was my whole fortune, and Lord Arundel left it at my own disposal. My heart was so full of perplexity and inquietude, that, quite regardless of this present, I was going to leave it on the table, if Lady Latimer, after chiding me for my being so thoughtless, had not obliged me to put it into my pocket.

Lord Anglesey was late before he came; his cool, reserved and melancholy deportment, banished the small remains of hope which had hitherto supported me. So far from endeavouring to speak to me, or to give me a letter, he did not shew any inclination to come near me. This visible indifference afflicted me exceedingly; I made no doubt but he had altered his mind; his eyes
seemed

seemed to assure me of the contrary, but his conduct would not suffer me to believe them. When supper was over, every one withdrew. Who could express my surprize and grief, when I saw my Lord follow his father's steps? My heart was oppressed, and I found myself ready to sink.

When I was alone, I gave way to my tears, which flowed in abundance; I could not conceive what could make Lord Anglesey take delight in deceiving me, in abusing my credulity, in flattering me with such pleasing hopes, in making my condition still more deplorable, by giving me the prospect of a felicity which he himself had opened to my heart, and then abandoning me at the very instant that I expected every thing from his tenderness and protestations.

These cruel reflections engrossed me, when Benedicte, one of the women which Lady Latimer had lately appointed to attend me, came to me; and said in a low tone: My fellow servants wait your orders, Miss; please to dismiss them directly, I have something to communicate from Lord Anglesey. These words threw me into violent agitation, my heart fluttered; changing suddenly from one emotion to another, my dejection was succeeded by the most violent perturbation. I dismissed my women, keeping Be-

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nedicte

nedicte only, who lay near to me. She then gave me a letter. My Lord, said she, desires you to read it with attention, Miss; please to make haste, the time presses, and your resolution is of the utmost importance. I opened the letter with a trembling hand, and read as follows:

Lord ANGLESEY's Letter to Miss
ADELINE.

‘ **A**T this moment, my life or death de-
 ‘ pend on your determination. At
 ‘ three o’clock precisely I shall be at the lit-
 ‘ tle gate in the park. A chaise will wait
 ‘ there to receive you and Benedicte; my
 ‘ horses will be ready. A clergyman, who
 ‘ is gone forward by my directions, will
 ‘ give us the nuptial benediction at Dover.
 ‘ I have taken measures that we may em-
 ‘ bark directly after the ceremony; in the
 ‘ evening we shall be in France, where no-
 ‘ thing will restrain our affections. Remem-
 ‘ ber your promises; if you fail, if I wait
 ‘ for you in vain, do not be surprized to
 ‘ hear in the morning, that I am still in the
 ‘ same place, but no longer in a condition
 ‘ to reproach you for your cruelty; my own
 ‘ hand will have put an end to a life which
 ‘ you alone can make me in love with.’

I know

I know not how I could refrain from screaming with the horror and fright I was in on reading this letter. My mind was seized with a terror, which banished every reflection that opposed my flight, and I considered nothing but the danger of making the least delay. Ah, my God! said I to Benedicte, all in distraction, let us make what haste we can. But can we get out? Has he given you directions? Will you conduct me to him? She reminded me of a door in the bathing-room, which opened into the park. Having attended me there that day, she secretly took possession of the keys; she acquainted me likewise, that having entered into my service by the order and recommendation of Lord Anglesey, she was no stranger to his love, nor his intentions. Being the daughter of the young Lord's nurse, particularly attached to him, indebted to him for many favours, she declared that she was ready to hazard her life to promote the happiness of her generous protector. In the hurry of my spirits, being struck with these sentiments which were expressed with an air of simplicity, and with her affectionate zeal to serve Lord Anglesey, I took a liking to her, and embraced her.

When we concluded from the dead silence that all the family were asleep, we stole softly
and

and in the dark to the bathing-room, where we waited for the hour appointed ; the moment it struck, Benedicte took a large basket, which she had secured in order to carry it away. We went down stairs, she opened the door, and the park door was just by. Upon a signal which Benedicte made, I heard Lord Anglesey's voice ; I started ; he came up to me ; I threw myself into his arms so confused, so disordered, so much beside myself, that I had not power to resist the tender caresses with which he overwhelmed me. My dear, my lovely Adeline, is it you, is it really you, said he, pressing me to his bosom ? Speak to me ! Ah, speak to me ! Let me at last have the pleasure of hearing you. But no, let us go, let us fly, come my dear Adeline, follow a husband who adores you. As he spoke, he led me towards the chaise ; I got in with Benedicte ; my Lord mounted his horse, attended by two of his servants ; and we took the road to Dover. The valet de chambre, who had been sent forwards, waited for us at the next stage, we alighted there, and the valet informed my Lord that all his orders were punctually executed.

We were shewn into separate apartments ; and Benedicte's precaution pleased me much. I found in her basket, a gown, and linnen, with every thing else that was necessary to
pre-

prevent my appearing before the altar like a runaway. My Lord, having changed his dress, came to attend me, and conducted me to the chapel, where the minister waited for us. Having received the nuptial Benediction, we embarked: By the help of a fair wind, in a few hours we landed in France, where, being exempt from that terror and inquietude which we could not wholly shake off during this short voyage, we gave way, without any reserve, to all the transports which an ardent and mutual love inspires.

As Lord Anglesey had been presented at the French court, he carefully avoided appearing in public, while we staid at Paris. Being at that time determined to live for me alone, to enjoy his felicity without dissipation, he became disgusted with the capital, and took a country seat near Atys. I fixed my abode there with pleasure; my Lord's company, his tenderness, the lively and agreeable chearfulness with which I saw him inspired, satisfied all the wishes of my heart. If the opinion which might be conceived of me from my flight, sometimes occasioned me uneasy reflections, if I now and then recollected with concern that Lady Latimer might accuse me of ingratitude, if the regret of having betrayed her confidence, and ill requited her kindness, made me sometimes drop a tear, one tender caress from my Lord soon

soon dissipated these transient vapours. Can we, in the arms of a man we adore, reproach ourselves on account of that weakness or indiscretion, which is the cause of his felicity?

The pleasure of our retirement was interrupted by letters from Sir Richard Pen.

This friend of my Lord's, who was the only one privy to his secret, undertook to inform him what effects ensued from his flight and mine. He wrote him a long detail of the disorder and confusion which so unforeseen an event had occasioned in Lord Arundel's and Lady Latimer's families. That Lady's violent resentment, her daughter's indignation, Lord Arundel's rage, Sir Charles's despair on receiving a letter from his brother, wherein he explained the reasons of his conduct, the affected concern, and secret ridicule of those who were invited to the intended weddings, all contributed to render the sad accident the more mortifying, as it was impossible to conceal it from the knowledge of the public. Lord Arundel summoned all his prudence, on this perplexing occasion, and only seemed to be offended at the affront offered to Lady Latimer. Appearing to be wholly concerned for that Lady, he made her an offer of Sir Charles for her daughter, and vested him with all his

his brother's patrimonial rights ; Sir Charles, too subservient to their will, consented to make amends for Lord Anglesey's imprudence, and became the victim of our indiscretion. This marriage with Lady Sophia was celebrated the same day, and by their marriage settlement, his brother was disinherited for ever.

Lord Anglesey, when he resolved on a step so rash and offensive to his father, had given up all the advantages of his birthright, and renounced the rich inheritance to which he would have been intitled, under the deed of settlement and the wills, upon his marrying Lady Sophia. He had nothing left but his title ; his uncle's legacy, making him master of a moderate fortune, determined him at once, just at the crisis that he was seeking expedients to break his engagements, and carry me off from his father. He was not affected therefore by a loss for which he was prepared ; but he lamented his brother's hard fate ; he shed tears profusely, when he reflected that his own happiness was the bane of his brother's felicity : He thought that he had observed in Lady Sophia's flighty disposition, somewhat bordering upon distraction ; unhappily, for his amiable brother, he judged too well ; that Lady's disorder of mind appeared soon after their marriage, and was neither to be concealed, nor reme-

remedied; her frenzy increased by the methods taken to cure her: They were soon obliged to seclude her from company, and confine her in the country, where she lives still. Sir Charles, who is now Lord Arundel, that rich, noble, powerful and magnificent nobleman, who is capable of making a worthy woman happy, and of being made happy by such an one himself, passes a melancholy life, deprived of bequeathing generous citizens to his country, and of leaving his name and virtues to his descendants.

These melancholy tidings interrupted our joy, we wept together: But during the first emotions of a strong and lively passion, we are not susceptible of a durable impression from any other sentiment. We insensibly forgot England and the rest of the world, and devoted ourselves to the attraction of those pleasures, of which we found the sources within ourselves. A neat and pleasant house, a pure air, spacious gardens, an unrestrained freedom, ease without pomp, all contributed to make our retirement delightful. How happy is it to love and be beloved! Nature has fixed the supreme felicity in our own breasts; but we in vain roam in pursuit of it throughout the universe, while it resides within ourselves; but how can we preserve a blessing, of which we have not the sole disposal ourselves? Alas! the
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object who confers this blessing, has the cruelty to destroy our happiness, the moment he cannot partake of it.

After a year's stay in the country, my Lord proposed that we should spend a little time at Paris. I consented, without any repugnance, to take a house there. The peace which then subsisted between Great Britain and France, made the court and the city quite full of the English. My Lord appearing in public, they were forward to visit him, but I received their visits with reluctance; my flight had made so much noise, it was so differently represented at London, malignity had loaded that event with so many mortifying circumstances, I was thought capable of such artifice in my conduct, such profound dissimulation, of a degree of cunning so foreign from my character, that I was uneasy at being obliged every minute to make an apology for an irregularity of behaviour, which I should never have forgiven myself, if, as was supposed in England, it had been premeditated.

My countrymen soon introduced a crowd of young Frenchmen into the house. Absurdity, presumption and indecency were their characteristicks. They learned Lord Anglesey to slight real happiness, and to pursue frivolous amusements. His refined tenderness,

ness, his fidelity to the marriage vow, the regularity of his life, became the objects of that empty ridicule, which amuses the mind, and debases the heart; of those sprightly and poignant raparteers, whose agreeable turn softens their asperity, and accustoms men by degrees to ridicule wisdom as well as folly. In these happy climes, every thing is made a jest; every thing is a subject of raillery, every thing inspires them with pleasantries; by a peculiar turn of conversation, vice and virtue are confounded, they are considered under the same point of view, and the man who challenges esteem, can no more escape ridicule, than the wretch who deserves contempt.

When the allurements of pleasure form the only cement of society, the internal merit of those who compose it, is a matter of indifference, and we admit every one without distinction into the rank of our friends, whose specious qualities promise us a momentary amusement. Lord Anglesey, who was mild, complaisant and acquiescing, readily adopted the false prejudices of his new acquaintance; bad advice, and still worse examples, seduced his mind, and subverted his principles. *To do as the rest do*, is a dangerous maxim; it too often leads us to renounce the dictates of our hearts, to con-

tract habits for which we have no natural taste, and to continue them, even while we reproach ourselves for entertaining them, because we find it difficult to resume those, which are more conformable to our natural inclinations.

If my Lord still preserved his affection for me, he soon ceased to give me any public marks of his tenderness. We had separate apartments, and began to live with that exact politeness, which is the attendant on indifference, the sad forerunner of disgust; my love of retirement afforded him a pretence for leaving me alone, and pursuing amusements abroad for which I had no relish. My Lord went out early and came home late. His apprehension of disturbing my rest, occasioned him to pass several days without seeing me. If, from a strong desire of expostulating with him, and complaining of his neglect, I went to look for him in his apartment, I saw him surrounded by impudent young fellows, whose presence I could not endure. My Lord, before them, was ashamed to shew any friendship or regard to her, who had the strongest title to his attention and tenderness. His perplexity and reserve obliged me to withdraw, and deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing him and conversing with him.

Perhaps

Perhaps it may seem surprizing to you, that in a country where every thing seems to be under the dominion of beauty, they should endeavour to rob me of my Lord's affections, and to make me uneasy; me, whose youth and charms might have inspired love and complaisance; but a modest woman, of simplicity of mind, and of a reflecting turn, who loves her duty, and shews herself determined never to depart from it, is every where a respectable object, but insipid and neglected. The men, who are attached to us from principles of desire and self-love, endeavour to take advantage of our weakness, and place their chief pleasure in devising means to ensure their success. They esteem resistance as a virtue in us, but this virtue repels instead of attaching them. They do not want to admire a woman, they covet to seduce her; she, whose prudence and decorum secures her from their attacks, loses, in their estimation, all those charms, which her rigid virtue makes them despair of enjoying.

Lord Anglesey's conduct afflicted me exceedingly; melancholy, restless, solitary and almost wild, I passed the day in bewailing his absence, and the night in counting the minutes he devoted to his pleasures. I sometimes gave vent to my complaints and reproaches; my tears and melancholy estrang-

ed him still more. Constantly assiduous in his addreses to every woman whose blemished reputation promised a certain triumph, he became the hero of a thousand adventures; continually invited, engaged, engrossed, he was every where, he was seen on all occasions, and courted still more. To compleat his mistaken conduct, his ingratitude and indecorum, he kept a mistress, who was of the meanest birth, ugly, silly, and the out-cast of every one who had the least delicacy; but selfish, wanton, impudent and faithless. All my Lords acquaintance were forward in paying their court to this woman, and this vile swarm of newly contracted intimates, thought they had gained a great point when they saw him abandon me, to devote himself to this licentious commerce, which fashion authorized, and their counsels had procured.

Eighteen months elapsed without making any change in my condition. When alone in my closet, bitter reflections and melancholy regrets, filled up every moment of my time: I still loved the cause of my cruel sufferings, I incessantly wished to see my Lord, I proposed to expostulate with him with mildness and moderation, I often flattered myself that I should be able to move him, and bring him back to his former sentiments: The error of his judgment did not carry me so far, as to make me despise his heart;
but

but when he came into my presence, I found myself so much mortified by his indifference, his coldness gave me such violent disgust, that an emotion somewhat like hatred took place in my mind: An inconceivable uneasiness, a continual agitation, made his presence painful and almost intolerable, so that I entirely forgot how much I had before desired it; he went out; when I lost sight of him; I made mournful lamentations; it tore my heart to see him leave me; my love revived with greater force and ardour: I reproached myself for having made no attempt to recover his affections; I began to form new schemes, to conceive new hopes; they vanished on the morrow, and my condition and feelings remained still the same.

At length, sinking under the weight of my affliction, I was hardly to be known. I grew weak and languid, a slow fever preyed upon me, and I was apprehensive that my days were drawing to an end: I did not complain of my misery, I did not solicit relief; the fatal moment did not terrify me: What had I to regret? A prey to the most melancholy ideas, I still found a pleasure in thinking that Lord Anglesey, moved by the piteous spectacle which he had made himself, might perhaps shed some tears at my fate; that my death might revive in him some tender recollections; that it might en-

grave my image in his mind, and make my memory ever present and dear to him.

While I was thinking on the time when I should be no more, Lord Anglesey experienced all these torments which necessarily result from a disorderly conduct and depravity of morals. The greatest part of his fortune squandered, his health impaired, his desires extinguished, inconvenient connections formed, the perplexity of the time present, and the melancholy prospect of future days, troubled his mind and pierced his heart with affliction. Under these circumstances, he called to mind, the mournful companion of his misfortunes, and wondered that he could have slighted her so long; he sighed when he was obliged to own that she must partake of the distressed condition to which his levity and indiscretion had reduced him. Misfortune is the parent of reflection. As he gave way to these considerations, my Lord found that his affection for me revived; but he was so far from coming near an affectionate and indulgent wife, who earnestly longed to see him again, that, being ashamed of his extravagance, he continued to avoid me, made several excursions into the country, forsook all his acquaintance, and shut himself up for a month at Atys; when he returned, being informed of my languid state, my weak condition, and the disorder which preyed upon

upon me, he still hesitated, and durst not appear before me. At length, having overcome the dread of those reproaches he too well deserved, he came one morning into my chamber; the sight of him made me scream out, and I thought I should have lost my senses; the alteration he perceived in me, pierced his soul with grief and regret: Ah, great God, said he, is this Adeline whom I see! O my tender unfortunate love! He could say no more, his tears stifled his voice, he fell on his knees by my bed-side, he seized my hands, and I struggled to withdraw them; but holding them fast, and kissing them eagerly, he bedewed them with his tears: Seeing my tears likewise stream apace, a passionate emotion gave him the power of utterance, he rose up, took me in his arms; and embracing me tenderly; Ah! said he, do not let me be deprived of thee, do not punish me, forgive me, my dear Adeline! Do not turn away your eyes from a guilty wretch, be witness of his repentance; seduced, mistaken, weak, fickle and inconstant as I have been, I am no longer worthy of you; but let your generous mind rise superiour to your just resentment. Revive, my love! Give me some hope that I may, the rest of my days, bewail at your feet a conduct by which I deserved your contempt and indifference.

While he was speaking, tears of tenderness, grief and consolation trickled down my face, and intermixed with his. I threw my languid arms around him, and embracing him as closely as my weakness would allow me; Ah how, how could you, cruel as you are, abandon me, fly from me, and reduce me to this deplorable condition . . . No matter, I forgive you, I love you, I have never ceased to love you; if my life is valuable to you, I will employ such means as are necessary to prolong it: If my love is essential to your felicity, you shall still be happy; banish your apprehensions, dry up your tears, cheer up your spirits; ungrateful! inhuman as you are! your greatest crime is that of doubting the tenderness of a heart attached to you.

This instance of my Lord's relenting was followed by a frank confession of all his failings. His repentance was sincere; his solicitude, his fondness, his assiduity about me, the firmness with which he refused to associate with those cruel friends who led him astray, left me no room to doubt the sincerity of his reformation. My health was restored; the sacrifice of two thirds of our income adjusted some affairs which gave Lord Anglesey some uneasiness. We returned to our retirement, and resumed our old habits;
but

But a heart wounded by the hand it loves, always preserves the remembrance of the stroke, of which it has felt the smart. We may forgive, it is true, it is possible to forgive, but we cannot forget. I loved him yet; but that lively and refined affection, which was once the source of a thousand delightful pleasures, now excited sad and melancholy recollections in my mind. My Lord's company, so far from inspiring me, as it used to do, with unallayed joy and flattering emotions, now put me in mind of the grief I so long endured from the privation of this desirable blessing. His expressions of love were still affecting, but no longer enchanting: I was sensible of his caresses; but sighs and tears escaped from me, in the very instant when my sensibility should have appeared in the tenderest transports. Still susceptible of all the pains which love occasions, I was no longer capable of relishing it's delights; to preserve the illusion essential to felicity, we must be the constant objects of fond preference; as, in matters of mere amusement, a proper interval renders their attraction more powerful and inviting, so by a contrary effect, any interruption of the pleasures of the heart, destroys their charms for ever.

My Lord was no more happy than myself. His former passion being rekindled,

made him attentive to all my motions. This extreme melancholy, which I could not shake off, alarmed him with regard to my sentiments. He persuaded himself that I no longer loved him. He did not complain, but he fretted inwardly. Late hours, and excesses of every kind, had impaired his constitution. His uneasiness oppressed his spirits. By degrees he fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could divert him. His condition terrified me; it revived the keenness of my affection. My tears, my solicitude, my attention towards him, might have convinced him how dear he was to me; but his fatal prejudice made him attribute to duty and compassion, all the marks I gave him of my tenderness.

Being resolved to conceal the real motive of his grief from me, he occasioned me to form a thousand uneasy conjectures. I began to think that the diminution of his fortune, that the ambition natural to a man born to large possessions, and to figure in an exalted rank, might be the cause of his regret. I imagined that he might probably repent having made such a sacrifice to love, and the desire of marrying me; I accused myself of being the cause of those troubles which I saw him labouring under. I said to myself a hundred times, that Lord Anglesey might still have been happy, if I had been more
attached

attached to my duty, if I had not given way to the delight I took, in giving him proofs of my affection, and increasing his by an avowal of my sentiments. Under the influence of these apprehensions, I resolved to sacrifice myself to his happiness, and to attempt every thing to restore his mind to serenity, and his heart to rest.

Since our departure from London, Sir Charles maintained no direct correspondence with his brother. Lord Arundel had obliged him to take an oath not to receive any letters from Lord Anglesey; and even not to answer them, if any should fall into his hands by accident or surprize: I was no stranger to Sir Charles's engagement: Nevertheless I ventured to have recourse to him, in the bitterness of my affliction. I wrote to him; my letter opened with a moving representation of his brother's condition. I concealed nothing from him, my confidence was without reserve. I intreated him, in the conclusion, to intercede with Lord Arundel in favour of his brother, to use all his endeavours, to employ his utmost solicitations to procure his re-admission into his father's family, to make him partake of his father's benedictions, and to obtain forgiveness for a son, already too severely punished, by the reproaches of his own heart, for those failings which, in the eyes of an indulgent

F 6

parent,

parent, his youth might render excusable. I promised that I would never offend Lord Arundel's sight, by the presence of an object, which might renew his resentment: Contented with being instrumental in bringing about such a happy reconciliation, I would retire to the extremity of a country far distant from London; I would there live alone and obscure, without requiring any thing from a family, to which I had already occasioned so much trouble and vexation. Thus perfectly detached from all personal interest in the earnest solicitation I made, I concluded my letter with assuring Sir Charles, that my utmost wishes would be satisfied, if, by the sacrifice of my own happiness, I could restore Lord Anglesey to his father's protection, his brother's friendship, and the hope of re-establishing his fortune.

I was three weeks without receiving any answer, which I expected with the most restless inquietude. I kept this application a secret, for fear my Lord should disapprove of it. He grew considerably weaker; the assistance of art only fatigued him, without working any change for the better. Nothing, I was told, could be of any effect, against a distempered mind, and exhausted strength. I trembled at the very idea of losing him; I concealed my tears and apprehensions from him; I attended him, and never

ver left him. My heart was ready to break every moment; I despaired of news from England, when I was told one day that a stranger desired to speak with me. He asked to see me with great earnestness. Struck with the idea that it might be a messenger from Sir Charles, I ran to receive him; but how great was my surprize, when I beheld Sir Charles himself. I screamed out; he ran to me with open arms, embraced me affectionately; and seeing me in confusion; How, sister, said he, in a mild and mournful accent, How! does the sight of me terrify you? How your dejection alarms me! Good God! I come too late! Tell me, my Lady, tell me, where is my dear Anglesey? Have I still a brother! a friend!

We were in a room adjoining to my Lord's, and he had heard me cry out; thinking he might be mistaken, he listened; the sound of his brother's voice pierced to his very heart. Ah, what do I hear, said he: Charles, my dear Charles! Is it you? Is it really you? His brother ran to him; and throwing himself into his arms, their mutual exclamations, their tears, their alternate expressions of joy and grief, and their affectionate caresses, were for a long time the sole interpreters of their sentiments.

May I indulge the ardent wishes of my heart, said Lord Anglesey at last, has my father forgiven me? Has he at least revoked that cruel injunction which deprived me of the delightful comfort of seeing my brother, and testifying the sincerity of my affection? Is it with his consent.

Let us respect his memory, said Sir Charles, interrupting him; our father is no more. How, said my Lord, my father dead! Is he gone without forgiving me! with sentiments of hatred against his unfortunate son! No, brother, said Sir Charles, with an affectionate tone, no, he did not hate you. The power which he has left with me of punishing you is a proof of his indulgence. In persisting not to alter the settlement he had made, he had no doubt a confidence in my friendship, that I would take care to make you happy. Let us bewail his loss, brother, and not make ourselves judges of his actions. I blame you, I blame Lady Anglesey, you have both of you been deficient in those respects, which the most sacred duties required of you; but let us forget every thing, and repair every thing. Return to your own country, to the seat of your ancestors. No, my dear Lord; no, my lovely sister, said he, clasping our hands eagerly; no, you are not disinherited. Perish the inhuman brother, who dares to accept

cept the legacies of resentment, and under sanction of the law, takes the sole possession of a fortune, when justice demands a partition; and who can behold the man, whom nature has destined to be his nearest friend, pine in misery and dejection?

Such a noble turn of thinking was not foreign to Lord Anglesey's mind. It did not surprize him, but it affected him exceedingly. He threw himself into his brother's arms, he wept for a considerable time, asked his pardon a hundred times for having been the innocent occasion of his marriage with Lady Sophia. From the detail into which he entered concerning his sentiments with regard to me, and the events in which we were both interested, I discovered the source of that uneasiness which had preyed upon him, since our return into the country. Lord Arundel shewed him my letter; it moved him greatly. But in consequence of his unhappy prepossession, the offer which I made of leaving him, in order to restore him to his father's favour, confirmed him in the opinion that I was wholly estranged from him. He looked at me with a dejected countenance; and turning his face aside, in order to conceal his tears: O my dear Adeline, said he, what is become of the time, the happy time when you loved me? Would you then have wished to procure me an advantage

vantage purchased at the expence of such a cruel separation? How, would you desert me? But I have deserved my misfortune, I blame no one but myself.

What a flood of tears did this unjust reproach draw from me! What various torments, a mind of sensibility is susceptible of! As Lord Arundel had crossed the sea solely with a view of engaging us to accompany him to England, he resolved to be near us, and wait till his brother recovered his strength. He took up his residence with us at Atys. His solicitude, his friendship, the pleasure which my Lord seemed to take in his company and conversation, revived my hopes. I flattered myself that his condition would change for the better; but I was destined to lose him. I was doomed to suffer all the torments which a tender mind can experience. By a cruel fatality, those very emotions which I thought would dispel his languor, those emotions which were thought necessary to give a spring to his dejected spirits, threw him into a violent inflammation. The aid of art became ineffectual. Ten days after Lord Arundel's arrival, the amiable, the unfortunate Lord Anglesey expired in our arms. The tears, which after five years, this melancholy event still draws from my eyes, may give you an idea of the grief I endured from this melancholy event.

While

While deep despair put my life in danger, my Lord performed the last duties to his unfortunate brother. He had him embalmed, and carried to Arundel to be deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. I remained three months quite inconsolable. My cries and sighs kept Lord Arundel's grief alive. His compassionate tenderness held him attached to me, and he mingled his tears with mine; at length he prevailed upon me to quit that place, where the bitterness of my grief was continually renewed. We returned to London; but as I could not persuade myself to appear in public, and see company, he brought me hither. I passed the year of my mourning in this delightful solitude. Time did not efface the traces of my grief. I was fond of being alone, and of brooding over those melancholy recollections of which my mind was full. But Lord Arundel had promised his brother to make me happy, and this engagement he kept inviolably.

He frequently came to see me. His generous assiduity procured me every thing which he thought capable of amusing me. Sister, said he to me one day, I expect your complaisance to make an effort in my favour. My tender friendship for you deserves the return I solicit. I have a wife whom heaven will not allow me to make happy; I have lost the pleasing hope of living with a brother

ther whom I esteemed as a friend: Deprived of the pleasure of educating a family, almost destitute of relations, I find myself surrounded with strangers; will you, who ought to hold the first place in my family, refuse to manage it, to live with me, to do the honours of my house, to make it pleasant to me, and agreeable to others? Come, Lady Anglesey, said he, come to London. Condescend to partake of the fortune of your brother and your friend. From this moment I give you as ample a power over all I possess, as I would commit to my father's own daughter, and I shall shew the same condescension, the same respect and tenderness towards you, which she could have a right to expect from me.

From the manner in which Lord Arundel made this obliging request, I was persuaded that I should make him uneasy by a refusal; I agreed to his desires. On my arrival at London, I found Lady Latimer inclined to forget the cruel return I made for her kindness and tenderness. I wept exceedingly on seeing her again; she restored me to her friendship, and was willing to attribute my indiscretion to my youth. I was soon surrounded by a splendid throng. Every one tried to divert and amuse me. I remained indifferent, but those attentions which do not affect our hearts, nevertheless serve to dissipate our
minds.

minds ; if I did not lose the recollection of my sufferings, I found at least that a constant attention towards others, insensibly withdraws us from our own thoughts, and at length enables us to banish these melancholy reflections from our minds, which retirement and the habit of brooding over our own ideas, keeps alive.

Let your friendship, my dear Jenny, the Countess continued, engage you to follow my example; promise me not to feed your melancholy, by constantly ruminating over your misfortunes. Lord Arundel is continually inquiring whether you are happy : His letters are full of the interest he takes in the welfare of my dear friend. The summer is almost over, and he will soon come to town; at present enjoy the pleasure of reflecting that you have in him a zealous and powerful patron. Give over weeping then, lay aside that mournful dress. We are going to London to wait my brother's return, we shall be surrounded by a crowd of visitants. If you preserve that dejected air in the midst of company, they will conclude that my relation has reason to be uneasy with me. That gravity, so unsuitable to your age, those deep sighs, those eyes always moist with tears, will excite curiosity. They will inquire why you left the country, who you are, whence
your

your uneasiness arises; these considerations should induce you to make an effort with yourself; I expect it from your judgment, and I require it of your friendship.

END of PART III.

THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS JENNY;

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And addressed to the Countess of Ros-
COMMON, the Lady of the ENGLISH
Ambassador at the Court of DENMARK.

PART IV.

HISTORY

OF
MISS JENNY

WRITTEN BY HERSELF

And addressed to the Countess of Ross-
common, the Lady of the English
Ambassador at the Court of Brunswick.

PART IV.

THE

HISTORY OF MISS JENNY.

LADY Anglesey's history naturally disposed me to comply with her desires. From her example and Lady Sarah's, I learned that peace and happiness were not necessarily attached to high birth, nor to those privileges which we derive from rank and fortune. Finding that all conditions were subject to misfortunes, I no longer considered myself as a creature marked out by fate to experience misery, and to be the only one unhappy. If, in an exalted station, we were to look down on the wretches beneath us, in order to relish our own happiness the more, this would

would be cruel; but to fix our eyes, while we are under affliction, upon objects more worthy of compassion than ourselves, is the means, if not to comfort us, at least to make us submit and bear our troubles with patience.

I was determined, both from principles of reason and gratitude, to pursue a different conduct. From that time, I was constantly near Lady Anglesey. Being anxious to conceal my melancholy, I tried to relish what is called pleasure, and to amuse myself with those frivolous pursuits and idle amusements, which fill up the time of those who are esteemed happy. It cost me dear; but the more I sacrificed to the desire of pleasing my kind benefactress, the more I hoped to prove the sincerity of my attachment for her. My attention to please seemed to increase her regard for me. She loaded me with commendations and caresses, obliged me to accept of very considerable presents, and ordered all sorts of things from London, which might be necessary to make me appear in a manner becoming the character of her relation, with which she was pleased to honour me. A letter from Lord Arundel induced her to hasten her departure: We got to town about the middle of September; but my Lord being mistaken in his calculation, did not cross the sea so soon as he expected.

Lord

Lord Anglesey's family, regulated by Lady Anglesey's directions, presented all the pleasures which taste, opulence and decorum could combine. An elegant table, play in moderation, musick, and frequent balls, drew a vast deal of company to visit the Countess. Her amiable character, the charms of her person, her sweetness and vivacity, procured her many friends, and invited a throng of lovers around her, who were solicitous to please her; but she beheld their assiduities with indifference, and seemed determined not to quit the name of Anglesey.

I was a stranger to the world; I had never yet beheld it's alluring outside; I entered into it as companion to a Lady of one and twenty, who was attended by great choice of those idle and polite gallants, whose only business is the pursuit of pleasure. I was at first surprized, by degrees I became dissipated and insensibly amused, till the remembrance of my troubles being frequently interrupted by a variety of objects, it at length began to grow weak, and was nearly dispelled; two months residence in London had almost effaced the traces of my grief, when one morning, before the hour I used to go into Lady Anglesey's apartment, I received a message from her, desiring me to come to her in her closet directly; I went thither.

VOL. II.

G

You

You have so often, said she, with an air of gaiety, enquired after Mr. Jennison, that I hope I shall oblige you by being in haste to inform you of his return. That amiable ecclesiastic arrived last night, and his most earnest desire is to see and converse with Miss Jenny; nevertheless notwithstanding your kind friendship for him, I was willing to give you notice, and prepare my friend's sensibility, that she may guard against a little surprize. Mr. Jennison is much altered, you will be struck with a vast difference in his external appearance, which I hope nevertheless will not be disagreeable to you; but tell me, my dear, she continued, smiling, have you a perfect recollection of this worthy chaplain's person?

This question and my Lady's manner of asking it, startled me. I should, Madam, I replied, accuse myself of the blackest ingratitude, if I had forgotten the person whose compassion excited yours, moved you on behalf of an unknown girl, and placed me with you. How should I ever lose the remembrance of the first cause of your kindness? The more you love Mr. Jennison, said my Lady, the more you will oblige me; he seems to be very uneasy about the reception he may meet with, but I thought that I might promise him a favourable one.

While

The Earl and his sister drew towards the chair into which I had thrown myself; they were solicitous to bring me to myself, and to compose my violent agitation of spirits. My Lord spoke to me, I heard him not; bitter reflections and melancholy ideas disordered my mind, and filled me with apprehensions; I thought that there was some attempt to destroy the safety of my retreat, to deprive me of that security which made it agreeable and delightful to me; my Lady's protection, her kindness, her tenderness, her solicitude no longer affected me, if I was indebted for them to Lord Danby, to his friends, and to the regard they had for him.

The Countess took hold of my hands, with which I covered my face, all bathed in tears: If you was less afflicted, said she in a mild tone, I should be concerned for you. How, my dear Jenny, does the presence of Lord Arundel, my brother, the most generous of mankind, occasion you such violent alarm! Is it with me, is it in my arms that you abandon yourself to fear! I thought I might have inspired you with more confidence. What do you suppose then? What do you presume to imagine? Notwithstanding the strongest appearances, Lord Arundel is not, he cannot be the *accomplice* of Lord Danby, and you ought . . . Ah, do not be offended, Madam, said I interrupting her, and

While she was speaking, she opened the door of a back closet, which led to several apartments, of which the last communicated with Lord Arundel's. A gentleman stepped out of the closet, and advanced towards me with a low bow; his grand and noble figure fixed my attention; Lady Anglesey's gaiety, her familiar address, the glittering order which embellished his Lordship's splendid attire, all proclaimed him to be Lord Arundel; while he was paying me a polite compliment, my eyes being fixed upon his features, discovered to me not only Mr. Jennison, but the Cavalier in the riding dress, whose affecting look and noble air made such an impression on me at Palmer's, at the time when Sir James imposed upon me by a mock ceremony. When he came to my assistance in a clergyman's habit, and under the title of Lady Anglesey's chaplain, his long and swelling robes concealing the elegance of his shape, and his hair being hid under a black coif, I had a confused idea of his person, but could not recollect him; I now saw in him the confidant of Sir James, as he was then without disguise. I turned pale, I trembled, and turned my fearful looks towards the Countess, being unable to conceal the sad emotions of my heart: Ah, what do I see! said I. Could I expect to find, in Lady Anglesey's brother, the friend and accomplice of Lord Danby!

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The

and stung with this reproach, do not be offended at an involuntary emotion, or an indiscreet expression; every thing which calls to my mind the time when I was cruelly betrayed, every thing which gives me an idea of the vile author of my misfortune, disturbs me, terrifies me, and renews all the bitterness of my former afflictions. The sight of a witness to that fatal engagement, has revived in me a sense of my disgrace, and awakened the horror with which my treacherous betrayer inspires me. Pardon, my Lord, pardon this strange reception; you assumed the title of my father, to bestow me on Sir James; on seeing you and recollecting you again, I imagined that you might be going to deliver me up to him, and to put me once more in the power of that inhuman wretch.

Dear Miss, said Lord Arundel, shake off this fatal prejudice; your tears move me, but they do not offend me. I must necessarily have appeared criminal in your eyes; condescend to hear me, and judge of me from my intentions. It is true, accident, my want of suspicion, and perhaps a little indiscretion, made me a witness to your marriage with Sir James; I innocently participated of the base treachery of a man whom I thought to be of a generous mind, and to entertain principles of honour. I am going

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to

to explain to you how I came to assume the title of your father. . . . My Lord was proceeding; but the Countess called for tea, that I might have time to compose my spirits, and her woman brought it in. Lord Arundel's mildness and amenity, with the kind speeches he made to me during that short interval, had the effect which the Countess desired. I recollected every circumstance she had told me concerning her amiable and virtuous brother; I condemned my fears and suspicions, and was disposed to attend to him with all the confidence which was due to his integrity.

When Lady Anglesey's women withdrew, my Lord addressed himself to me: In the course of my first travels, said he, I became acquainted with Sir James Huntley; we met with each other in France, and ran over Germany and a great part of Italy together. He was master of a thousand solid endowments, with a great share of vivacity, a discreet conduct, regulated by principles of honour and mildness of manners, which made me conceive a partiality in his favour. It was with regret that I parted from him at Rome, where he remained. We maintained a regular correspondence for a long time. But as it often happens, in long intervals of absence, our letters grew less frequent. I always entertained hopes of seeing him again,
and

and of being more intimately acquainted with him. He staid some years out of the kingdom, I had not heard from him a long while, and other attentions made my remembrance of him somewhat fainter, though it did not wholly efface him from my memory.

Under the specious pretence of visiting a court, of which the sovereign might well excite curiosity, I went into the north, charged with a negociation of secrecy and importance, about the time that Sir James returned to London, with a design to fix his residence there. Six months afterwards, the Dutchess of Rutland married him. Being at a distance, and having little leisure to attend to that sort of news which is interesting, when a vacancy from business allows us to make every thing an amusement, I either had not heard of Lady Rutland's marriage, and the creation of Lord Danby, or both the one and the other left no impression on my memory.

The affair which was entrusted to my conduct, being happily accomplished, I desired to be recalled. War had been lately declared, my regiment was going into actual service, and I resolved to command it myself. The court was at Windsor when I returned. I received orders to embark directly. Lady

Anglesey waited for me at Arundel; I proposed to stay there two days, and I put my affairs into such an arrangement as might allow me the pleasure of seeing her.

On my return to London, I found M. Pitel, her master of the horse, at my house, and much disturbed that he had missed the purchase of seven Neapolitan horses, which his Lady had a fancy for. The Dutchess of Cleveland was lately dead, my sister knew that set of horses belonged to her, and immediately sent to purchase them. M. Pitel, from a frugal disposition, having been too long before he concluded the bargain, lost the opportunity.

I was strongly inclined to oblige the Countess on this trifling occasion, and to carry the set to her myself, if, by dint of money, I could engage the purchaser to give them up to me. I went immediately to the man who had sold them. He gave me hopes of succeeding, by acquainting me that one Palmer, a kind of broker, connected with several young noblemen, and transacting all kinds of business, had bought these horses; employed no doubt by commission for some other, or with a view to make a profit by selling them again. He shewed me where Palmer lived, and I went thither directly.

The

The moment my coach stopped at the door, it was opened. A woman, tolerably agreeable, desired me, with a smile, to make haste up stairs. She neither asked me my name, nor my business. This struck me as somewhat singular. I had no sooner set my foot on the stairs, which were somewhat narrow and winding, than somebody called out from above; Ha, my dear Lord, you wrote me word that you was afraid you could not come. I despaired of receiving, from your hand, Miss . . . Here the person who was speaking, having a full sight of me, instead of concluding, cried out with surprize, and I with joy, on finding him to be Sir James Huntley.

Overjoyed at this meeting, and transported with the pleasure of seeing him again, I embraced him affectionately. He returned my caresses, and introduced me into a large closet somewhat gloomy, where we sate for some time. When the first salutations were over, he desired me to acquaint him what brought me to Pa'mer's. I satisfied his curiosity. He told me, with an air of embarrassment, that Palmer, who had left London that morning, would not return these eight days, and that besides, he could not serve me, as the set of horses did not belong to him then. I asked him in my turn, whether he lodged in that house, and desired

him to explain the meaning of his addressee to me, on mistaking me for another person. He cast his eyes on the ground, and coloured; then eluding the question, he talked to me about my brother, and regretted his loss; immediately afterwards, changing the conversation, he entertained me with Lady Huntley's marriage, and the distressed condition to which his mother's absurd passion would have reduced him, had it not been for the uncommon friendship of a Lady who was related to him, and whose generosity had about a month since made his fortune, and placed him in a situation equal to his utmost ambition; he added, that his first attention, on coming to London, was to enquire after me; and that concluding me to be either in Prussia or Denmark, he was astonished to see me in the room of Lord Overbury, just as that friend had sent him a note by way of excuse for not meeting him there, to do him a little favour, after he had himself engaged him in the affair, wherein his assistance became necessary.

If a man who has but two hours to stay in London, can be of service to you, my dear James, said I, you may dispose of me. I shall think myself happy in an opportunity of serving you. He looked at me, coloured again, and made answer, that all our friends were not to be employed indiscriminately.

nately for the same purposes. As I knew that Lord Overbury was a man of loose morals, this reflection led me to conclude that some intrigue had brought Sir James thither. Being unwilling to interrupt him, I was going to rise and take my leave, when the door opposite to that which I had entered, opening of a sudden, I saw a clergyman make his appearance in a surplice. He came towards us with a smile; but Sir James running up to him with precipitation, stopped him, and asked him with a tone of peevishness and impatience, if he did not see me? The minister looked at me, changed colour, drew back, went out of the room and shut the door: Sir James remained standing, motionless, dumb, his eyes fixed on the ground, and in an inexpressible consternation.

The confusion he was in, his first greeting, and the appearance of the clergyman, plainly indicated to me the cause of Sir James's embarrassment. He was on the point of being privately married: Every circumstance declared it. I was very much vexed that I had discovered this secret, and that I had given uneasiness to a man I loved. Being sorry to have interrupted him so unseasonably, and wanting to quit him without letting him know my suspicions, I took my leave of him, when, suddenly coming to himself, he started and stopped me: One

moment, my Lord, said he, spare me one moment, you have seen too much to be ignorant of what is going forward here. My fortune, my honour, are at present in your hands: What will you think? How will you look upon me? What idea will you conceive of me from an action so repugnant to my own principles? I am undone! Then throwing himself upon a chair, hiding his face and being scarce able to breath: Ah, my God! Ah, my God, said he, I am the most unhappy of mankind.

His exclamations surprized me, and his grief affected me. I ran to him, and embraced him. Is it me, said I, is it me whom you are afraid to trust? Do you doubt my discretion? So far from being sorry for the accident which has revealed your intentions, venture to commit your secrets to the bosom of a faithful friend. You are going to be married; I perceive it. This connection, which is probably repugnant to your interest, is no doubt essential to your happiness. Wherefore should I blame you? Why should this give me a disadvantageous opinion of you? Ah, my friend, I am far from being rigid; and I may, without any injury to established prejudices, confess that there are many customs adopted by the world, to which I would never make myself a slave. Do you think that I am a man to condemn those

those natural and tender emotions, which incline us to dispose of our hearts without any regard to pride or fortune? I am too well convinced, from my own experience, what lasting grief may attend an union entered into from principles of prudence and filial obedience.

Ah, my dear Charles, said Sir James, embracing me eagerly, your kindness transports me: I trembled at the thought of your having discovered a secret, with which I should never have ventured to entrust you. Then running towards the stair-head, he called out; Go, said he, it is time; afterwards returning to me: Pardon, he continued, the reserve and seeming coolness with which I received you; my cruel situation has made me almost insensible to the pleasure of meeting with so dear a friend, so worthy to be always present in my remembrance, and whose return I have wished for a thousand times. I own that I am under the dominion of an overruling passion, which hurries me beyond myself, makes me forget my duty, and obliges me to sacrifice every thing to the ardent desire of attaching myself to a most amiable creature. Though poor, deserted and distressed, she still maintains a becoming pride: I have no resource left to overcome her obstinate resistance, but this odious ceremony, the thought of which has long since disgusted me. After many fruitless struggles,

gles, I have resolved upon it at last; my love surmounts my repugnance. I know all that can be urged against it, I condemn myself, I am ashamed of my weakness, and I bewail the necessity of giving way to it! But this haughty girl triumphs over my reason, my principles and my honour! I love her, I adore her, I cannot exist without her; she must be mine, or I shall die.

These words poor and deserted, had prepossessed me with a partiality in favour of the object of Sir James's passion; but the reproaches with which he loaded himself, gave me a less favourable opinion of her. I suspected that my friend was a victim to the sly intrigues of some woman, who was well skilled in the art of subduing susceptible minds, and that he was going to make himself ridiculous by this engagement. I did not conceal my suspicions from him, and I exhorted him to conquer his passion, if the object of it was really unworthy of him.

Unworthy of me; she unworthy of me! said he, with a moving accent; ah, my Lord, Jenny, the lovely Jenny, would be worthy of yourself! Her mind is as noble, as mine is enamoured. Beautiful, virtuous and unfortunate as she is! How much ought she to inspire me with regard and respect! How can I . . . O my friend, even now I

I hesitate, I tremble when I reflect on the sad consequence . . . But they are gone to fetch her, she is coming . . . So near as I am to the happy moment, when I shall at length enjoy the delightful pleasure to find her complying, perhaps susceptible! Alas! said he, the die is cast: I have not power to renounce my approaching felicity.

Being quite astonished at his discourse, I asked him, whence do your tears arise, what is the occasion of your remorse? How, does an inequality of fortune render an union less eligible? Can such a trivial impediment ever stand in your way? What is the cause of your uneasiness and agitation? How can you ask me these questions, said he? Do not you see, how greatly I expose myself by this step, if it should ever be known? I hope I shall one day be able to justify it; but at present it will dishonour me, it will undo me. I do not understand you, my dear James, said I; how long since have sensibility and generosity been subjects of reproach? We are of very different opinions. Should providence ever disengage me from my melancholy connection, if my hand was at my own disposal, as yours is, my heart alone should determine me in the choice of a companion for life. I should delight in making the fortune of some amiable girl,
and

and would publicly avow an attachment formed by disinterested love.

If I had entertained the least suspicion of the truth, the alteration of Sir James's countenance would have cleared up all my doubts. But not having the least distrust of his honour, being an utter stranger to his condition, at that time, I could not account for the new perplexity he was under. My desire of obliging him, being perhaps attended with a little curiosity, I offered to assist at his wedding, in the room of Lord Overbury.

Sir James looked at me, attempted to speak, and hesitated. He took me by the hand, pressed me, and with a kind of passionate emotion; Charles, my dear Charles, said he over and over, if you knew, if I durst tell you But no, every thing is ready, she is coming. How shall I appear before her? I must marry her, or lose her for ever! Hearing a coach stop, and a great rap at the door, he seemed to be beside himself. He desired my leave to withdraw into the next room. I staid alone for a minute or two. Sir James returned, attended by the minister and his clerk: Since you desire it, my Lord, said he, with a more composed air, I accept of your obliging offer; but if you should ever remind me of

this ceremony at which you kindly offer to assist, remember, I intreat you, that I did not solicit such an illustrious witness to my engagement, and that you yourself have obliged me to abuse your kindness. He then opened the door at which I entered, and went out, telling me that he was going to fetch the Lady, to whom I had consented to become a father.

This affectation of making me take notice, that he did not make choice of me as a witness to his engagement, struck me in a very disagreeable manner; and made me resume my former sentiments. I conceived a very disadvantageous opinion of the Lady Sir James was going to marry, and I began to repent that degree of obstinacy which had induced me to assist him on such an indiscreet occasion. Your appearance, however, destroyed these suspicions; a sentiment of admiration took place, and I found myself earnestly interested in your favour. Struck with that air of dejection which overspread your countenance, I could not forbear asking Sir James the occasion of it. I pressed him to tell me whether he was happy in your affections, and whether you was not compelled by somebody to give him your hand. From his answers, and your dejected looks, I was persuaded that you did not love him; I could not perceive in your eyes that soft
joy

joy which pierces through the veil of modesty, and discovers symptoms of an heartfelt satisfaction. Sir James was almost deprived of his senses, while he was taking the vow which attached him to the amiable fair one, whom he so ardently wished to enjoy. His confusion, and the appearance of emotions so unfuitable to the occasion astonished me; I gave way to a thousand vague conjectures; but not one of them approached near the melancholy truth. Being pressed in point of time, I took leave of you immediately after the ceremony, bearing with me the regret of supposing that though you had made your fortune, you had not insured your felicity.

I left the kingdom for near a year, being all the while engaged in military expeditions. Sir James had promised to write to me; he was not so good as his word. His neglect concerned me; I returned to London, I did not meet him at court, nor in those places where I might naturally expect to find him. On the first day of my arrival, one of my gentlemen desired me to interest myself in favour of his brother, who was a minister in Scotland, to procure him a living in Lord Danby's gift. I thought that I had not any acquaintance with that nobleman, but my desire of obliging a man who was faithfully attached to me, induced me

to wait on Lord Danby. Having been ill for several days, he saw no company: I received an answer in writing. Two hours afterwards a very pressing invitation came from him, desiring me to visit him that day, if I could, without too much inconvenience. I returned that instant: They immediately acquainted him that I was there; his servants opened the curtains, and withdrew. Casting my eyes on Lord Danby's bed, I beheld, with equal surprize and concern, my friend Sir James Huntley, pale, dejected, his face bedewed with tears, and seemingly overwhelmed with grief.

What do I see! said I, running to embrace him. In what a condition, my dear James! Ah, good God! could I expect to find you in such a dismal situation? But are you Lord Danby? Was it you who sent to me, or do we meet again by accident?

He stretched out his hand, and feebly grasping mine: Would to Heaven, said he, that I had never received this fatal title, that ambition had never made me accept of a dignity which is the occasion of all my misfortunes and disgrace. I already, said he, discover marks of compassion in your countenance; Ah, my Lord, this appearance of kindness for an ungrateful wretch, augments
my

my despair; by what a base procedure have I requited the friendship with which you honoured me! Cease your pity for me; I have merited your reproaches, your indignation, your disdain! But I am punished, I have lost all that could make me fond of life! I shall be happy however, if, by a sincere confession, I can prevail on you to forgive my crime, and to interest yourself in behalf of the melancholy victim of my treachery . . . But where to find her? he cried out in violent agitation. Where is she? What is become of her? Distressed, wandering, abandoned to her grief, to her apprehensions, without asylum, without friends! . . . Ah, my Lord, I am ready to expire! Then turning his face aside, he gave vent to his sighs and groans, and pierced my heart with the most moving compassion.

Ah, my friend, said I, wherefore should I load you with reproaches? Of whom do you speak to me? What do you require of me? How does my presence make you susceptible of such violent agitations? Had you given me a just cause of complaint against you, your present condition would make me forget it. Compose your spirits; be assured that I am your sincere and affectionate friend, and shall ever esteem you. Speak, my dear James, open your mind
with

with confidence; and if I can serve you, do not offend me, by calling my zeal in question.

I your friend! he replied; alas, my Lord, I am conscious to be unworthy of that title. I have deceived you, I have deceived myself. Accident, adventitious circumstances, the noble frankness of your nature, which made you misinterpret my discourse, the shame of confessing so base a project Ah, I could not overcome that shame! Why had not I the resolution to intrust you with my scandalous attempt! It had then proved ineffectual. A friend of such virtue would have called me back to the principles of honour and humanity: Yes, my Lord, you would have saved me from the sad effects of my own weakness, and from those base sycophants, whose vile counsels He paused here, and throwing his arms about me, wept with double violence: I ask forgiveness from your generosity, he continued; vouchsafe to grant it me, and to add a farther favour, which alone can mitigate the horror of my latest moments. It is not for myself, that I implore you, it is for the unfortunate Alas! I have filled the measure of her distress. O, my dear Charles, so young, so beautiful, exposed to the danger of meeting with another protector as perfidious and base How could I
ven-

venture to betray her! To take advantage of her cruel situation! . . . Here he paused, and looking wildly around him, he resumed his discourse, loading himself with reproaches, and calling himself by the most odious epithets. His shocking exclamations, his terrible imprecations, which were intermixed with his tears and groans; in short, the violence of his emotions threw him into dreadful convulsions, and I was obliged to call for help.

While I was endeavouring to comfort him, and bring him to himself, I gave way to a thousand confused ideas; that you was the object of his grief, I had no doubt; but wherefore did he accuse himself of having deceived you, and for what offence did he ask my forgiveness? From his discourse, our interests seemed to be connected; yet nevertheless you was a stranger to me. I was lost in these reflections, when Lord Danby came to himself. Observing how solicitous I was to assist him, he thanked me with the strongest appearance of gratitude, and desired that I would allow him to try if he could compose himself to rest, intreating me to come again the next day. He hoped, he said, that he should find himself more composed, and in a condition to open his mind to me.

I returned the next day. He appeared to be as melancholy as before, but less agitated. After a long preamble, he made me acquainted with your birth, your misfortunes, his love for you, the purity of his intention during his residence with Lord Clare, the journey he made to Scotland, how he lost all intelligence of you, his marriage with the Dutchess of Rutland, his regret of being no longer free when he met with you again, his offers, your refusals, and the crime which despairing love had tempted him to commit; he gave me a faithful account of what passed at Mrs. Roberts's, of his presumption in taking you out of his Lady's coach, of your illness, of the aversion you conceived against him; lastly, of your escape from him, and of the grief it occasioned him. Unhappy in not being able to discover the asylum where you concealed yourself, he reproached himself bitterly for not having yielded to the Dutchess of Rutland's intreaties. That Lady absolutely insisted that he should put you into her hands again, and then immediately set out for Vienna. Being highly offended at his conduct and at his refusal, the Dutchess left London without seeing him, and wrote to him never to appear before her. Lord Danby concluded this strange narrative, by imploring me again generously to forgive his fault, and intreating me not to refuse the favour he had to ask of me.

While

While he was speaking, I could scarce restrain the indignant emotions which such a recital raised in my mind. Ashamed of the character which he dared suffer me to personate, grieved at the thought of being ranked among the number of the vile wretches who were combined to impose on your credulity, I found that tender compassion revive within me, with which your appearance affected me at Palmer's. If the mildness of my answer shewed Lord Danby that I was incapable of adding to the bitterness of his own reproaches, or of heaping oppression upon a man already sunk under a load of grief, yet my cold and cautious expressions might prepare him to see an end to that friendship which my contempt for him would no longer allow me to preserve. I desired him to explain what kind of service he required of me; I might still oblige him, but it was out of my power to love him.

He then ordered a little Chinese chest to be brought to him. It contained your jewels and trinkets, with a considerable sum in bank bills, and the deed of settlement of that estate, where he wished you to reside. He intreated me to seek for you, to use my utmost endeavours to find you out, and to put into your hands the poor recompence he was able to offer. He hoped that after his death, you would feel less repugnance against receiving

ceiving presents, that you might perhaps pardon the memory of an unhappy man seduced by base advice, which was too agreeable to his inclinations, not to lead astray a heart devoted to the most violent passion that ever throbbed in a human breast.

I should think myself deficient in a most indispensable duty, said I, if I should refuse to be indefatigable in tracing out an unfortunate creature, to whom your narrative has made me a friend. The indirect share which I have had in her misfortune, makes me entertain the sentiments of a brother for her. Yes, my Lord, I will seek out, I earnestly wish to discover her retreat; but let Miss Jenny's effects be lodged in some banker's hands. It will be sufficient to give me a note which may enable her to draw for them, supposing her inclined to accept of your presents. If by the most diligent investigation I can discover her retreat, I promise to inform you of the happy issue of my inquiries; but you must remember, my Lord, that I have no intention of restoring to you that right which you have tyrannically usurped over her. Miss Jenny shall be mistress of her own will, and be at liberty to receive or reject your presents. If she disdains them, you shall give her, whom you have already made too unhappy, no farther trouble; you shall use no vain endeavours to obtain a par-

don which she has a right to refuse you; you shall not put any restraint on her who is independent of you; you shall leave her affections and her conduct entirely free. If you agree to these conditions which I stipulate with you, I will use every proper method to fulfill your desires. But do not make a light promise, my Lord; the least deviation from your word, from the oath which I require of you, will be attended with fatal consequences, and will make me an irreconcilable enemy to the man, whom for a long time I with pleasure thought worthy of my friendship.

Ah, find her, my Lord, find her, he cried, help her, comfort that amiable girl; let her live peaceably and happily under your protection! No, I will never disturb her; the most ardent wish of my heart, is to procure her a virtuous friend. He then swore to observe the engagement he made with me. After having desired him to give me proper lights to guide me in my researches, I left him, with little inclination to see him again; nevertheless, I sent every day to enquire after him, and paid him two or three short visits, in compliance with his intreaties and the desire he expressed of speaking with me. After a month's illness, he gradually grew better; and he set out for Vienna, tolerably recovered, but still in a weak condition, an
entire

entire stranger to what was become of you, and a prey to the deepest melancholy.

My first attention was to write to Mrs. Palmer. I directed my letter to her in Ireland, whither she was just gone. She did not shew much confidence in me by her answer. Before she would give me any intelligence, she required Lady Anglesey to assure her, that she would herself take the young Lady under her protection. Being obliged to acquaint my sister with your adventure, I obtained every thing I desired from her complaisance. She sent an express to Mrs. Palmer; but while I impatiently waited the return of the courier, your trinkets which Bella brought to my Lady, and the account which that girl gave, made us conclude that you was at her aunt's. To satisfy my doubts, I assumed the habit and character of Lady Anglesey's chaplain. The rest you know. Before I embarked, I wrote to Lord Danby. He was transported to hear that you was lodged in such an asylum. Lady Anglesey's letters having convinced me with regard to your sentiments, I thought I might assure him that Miss Jenny's noble pride would always be in opposition to his desire of obliging her. I returned him the draught he gave me; he renewed his promise never to disturb you, and I am certain that he will keep his word.

Now, dear Miss, Lord Arundel continued, vouchsafe to pronounce my pardon, vouchsafe to consider me as your friend's brother; I was willing that she alone should be witness to our first interview, I was afraid of throwing you into a surprize, which might betray your secret; it is very easy to conceal it, your melancholy adventure is quite unknown, Lady Rutland was too discreet to throw any blemish on Lord Danby's reputation, by proclaiming the subject of their misunderstanding; it is the interest of those who combined to betray you, to hold their tongues. Lord Overbury has never seen you; therefore let your innocence be your comfort on this occasion, at which you have no reason to blush; forget your misfortunes in the bosom of friendship, be our sister, our friend . . . Yes, she is our sister, said Lady Anglesey, suddenly interrupting him, and taking hold of my hand and my Lord's, which she closed together: Yes, my dear Jenny, you are my sister, you shall help me to requite the kindness of my amiable brother, by being solicitous, with me, to make his days happy. While she spoke, she dried up my tears, and caressed me in the most tender manner. Being deeply moved and affected, I threw my arms around her; Lord Arundel embraced us both, gratitude and friendship revived my heart, and gave me power to express my sense of obligation to
my

my protectors, who were so worthy of the affectionate veneration, with which they inspired me.

I remained for a long time in a melancholy mood, and felt myself under a kind of restraint; I thought it would be impossible for me ever to assume that air of confidence and familiarity with Lord Arundel, which generally attends the habitude of seeing each other continually and conversing together; the sight of him called forth my blushes, sometimes my tears; my extreme confusion made me avoid his eyes, and appear with down-cast looks before him; but his continual solicitude to divert my thoughts from my mortifying adventure, his friendship for me, his tender regard, by degrees brought me to make no difference between Lady Anglesey and him. Ah, Madam, with what dignity, what candor, what goodness, is the mind of my generous friend enobled! What justice, what true nobility does he display, without any mixture of arrogance or ostentation! I have known Lord Arundel pay the costs of a law-suit commenced and gained by his steward, during his absence. After an unfortunate defendant had been turned out of his inheritance, I have known Lord Arundel restore to him the estate in dispute, though it had been actually annexed to his own demesnes; his Lordship considering that as a barbarous

and inhuman law, which allows children to be stripped of their inheritance, because their parents had neglected some particular formalities, of which the omission could give no title to any but an unjust man.

Being the object of Lord Arundel's and Lady Anglesey's attention and complaisance, I passed my days in perfect serenity; every moment was tranquil, I might say happy, if, after having experienced so many mortifying disgraces, we could enjoy the present, without having our peace disturbed by the recollection of the past. It was then, Madam, that I had the happiness of meeting you at the Viscountess of Belmont's, and of being agreeable to you; you did not make me a stranger to the motive of that strong inclination which induced you to like me; you discovered in me the image of a friend whose memory was dear to you. How has my heart been agitated by your discourse! With what pleasure have I heard you repeat encomiums on Lady Sarah! How greatly has your regret affected me, what tender emotions has it raised in my mind! You was but little acquainted with Lady Anglesey, your kindness to me engaged you to contract a more intimate acquaintance with her, and you often honoured me with your visits. Being surprized and delighted at finding Lady Alderson's picture in my closet,

you

you viewed it attentively, and could not withdraw your eyes from that pleasing portrait. Concluding that it became mine by accident, you desired it of me. Being perplexed and confounded, I knew not what to answer. You persisted in your request, and I promised to make you a present of it, but I deceived your expectations by sending you my own in it's stead. You endeavoured to penetrate into the motive of my fondness for the picture, as I must have been a stranger to the original. I perceived that your curiosity was excited, and I found myself disposed to gratify it, when your precipitate departure obliged me to postpone this confidence to another opportunity. Your letters, of which the last is ever the kindest, are so many convincing proofs that absence has not impaired the constancy of your affection towards me. My respectful gratitude engages me to disclose my history to you, to make you a judge of my conduct, and of the motives which determine my actions; the need I have of encouragement, makes me court the approbation of one so dear to me: Yes, my wounded heart flies to the bosom of friendship, and there seeks a recompence for the sacrifice it makes. Ah, Madam, how great is this sacrifice! Honour requires it, that is sufficient; it's principles are a law to me, and will be my everlasting comfort. We may endure a great deal by making a sacri-

five to painful duties, but that kind of uneasiness is never accompanied by repentance: No, the recollection of a generous action is never attended with regret; and every conquest we make over our passions, if it is the source of others happiness, it ought also to be a foundation for our own felicity.

Two years elapsed without making any change in my happy situation. Lord Arundel at that time had the command of a very considerable body of forces; he left us in the spring, and during his absence we visited several of his seats, finishing our tour at Bath, from whence we returned to London to wait his return. I received addresses from several; I answered those who honoured me with their attention, that having a small fortune and a great deal of pride, I would never take advantage of the weakness of a tender mind, nor avail myself of those strong and transient emotions which occasion men of warm dispositions to shut their eyes against their real interests.

Sir Ellis Nevil, descended from the illustrious house of Warwick, obstinately persisted in his addresses, and perplexed Lady Anglesey by the greatness of his offers, and the perseverance of his assiduities; as he imagined that I was at her disposal, she could find no just pretence for rejecting an alliance

to all appearance so suitable, and which the generosity of Sir Ellis, in my favour, rendered so extremely advantageous. I was concerned to find the Countess interest herself in the success of this importunate lover's addresses, and I was afraid that I should not get rid of him without displeasing her, or making her uneasy.

But what objection have you to Nevil's addresses, said she to me one day? From whence arises your repugnance? This marriage will restore you to the rank you would naturally have held, if your parents premature death had not altered your condition. Ah, Madam, said I, do you think it will be possible for me to enter into those mortifying details with Sir Ellis, which I must necessarily descend to, if I give encouragement to his addresses? Must I not make him acquainted with my family, and my misfortunes? Shall I basely betray his hopes, shall I conceal from him my connection with Lord Danby, and it's cruel consequences? Supposing Sir Ellis's passion should so far distract him, as to make him retain his desires, after a communication of circumstances so likely to extinguish them, shall I have nothing to apprehend from the return of his reason? His own reflections will soon destroy his happiness, and mine will keep me in continual alarms; the least cloud which

darkens my husband's brow, will seem the forerunner of complaint or reproach. Ah, Madam, said I, in a moving accent, allow me to spend my days with you, do not press me to put myself under any other protector, give me leave to resist your desires, and be not offended if I presume to declare that I will never go to the altar with Sir Ellis.

Well then, my dear friend, said the Countess to me, we will speak no more of it. I have yielded to Nevil's importunity by soliciting you in his behalf, I did it from a principle of delicacy; I thought myself obliged to sacrifice the vast pleasure I enjoy in your company, to the solicitude of establishing your welfare. If my dear Jenny should lose me, she added, embracing me, the utmost I could leave her, would not secure such a splendid fortune as has been offered to her; but I have a generous brother, who will fulfil my wishes, and add a sufficient supply to the little fortune I am able to make my friend mistress of. I had intreated him to assist me, in order to influence you in an affair wherein I thought your happiness concerned; by a kind of preposterous whim, which I know not how to reconcile with his character, he seems offended at my friendship for Nevil, and terms it partiality. Here, said she, giving me a letter from Lord Arundel, read his answer; if I do not see farther into his heart than

than he does himself, I know nothing of the meaning of his expressions. I took my Lord's letter, and found the following contents :

Lord ARUNDEL's Letter to Lady
ANGLESEY.

‘ I Will not write to Miss Jenny : No, Ma-
‘ dam, it is impossible for me to write to
‘ her on such an occasion. Should I pre-
‘ sume to advise her, I should be afraid of
‘ repenting hereafter that I did not suffi-
‘ ciently reflect on the subject. I thought Ne-
‘ vil's fate had been decided. When I came
‘ away, Miss Jenny had no love for him ;
‘ if her sentiments have changed since my
‘ absence, is she not mistress of herself ? I
‘ press her, I ! Ah, for what ? Her heart
‘ seemed to me perfectly serene ; for these
‘ two years past I pleased myself with the
‘ thoughts that friendship alone engrossed
‘ her ; but if Nevil has made an impression
‘ on her mind, Miss Jenny is at her own
‘ disposal. What should I say to her ?

‘ I hear from Mrs. Monfort, that Lady
‘ Arundel is extremely ill. Her last fit, they
‘ tell me, has exhausted her strength. Some
‘ faint glimmerings of reason, an unusual
‘ meekness of temper, and long fainting

' fits, are considered as certain symptoms of
 ' her approaching end. I have been ex-
 ' tremely affected on reading this account;
 ' cannot I regain my liberty, without shed-
 ' ding tears at the fate of an unfortunate
 ' woman, of whom I have no reason to
 ' complain? After all, what advantage
 ' should I derive at present from this blef-
 ' sing so long regretted, this freedom so of-
 ' ten wished for? I begin to foresee that I
 ' may enjoy it, and yet not be happy. A
 ' thousand melancholy and confused ideas
 ' disturb me and make me restless, though
 ' I can scarce account from whence this agi-
 ' tation of mind arises.

' Nevertheless, on reading your letter a
 ' second time, I think it less certain that
 ' Miss Jenny does not sympathize with Ne-
 ' vil. She refuses his addresses, you say.
 ' Ha, wherefore, wherefore then should you
 ' be so solicitous about an union to which she
 ' has no liking? Wherefore should you de-
 ' sire me *to assist you in overcoming her oppo-*
 ' *sition?* Ah, my God, what partiality is
 ' this in favour of Nevil! Leave Miss Jen-
 ' ny to her own disposal; you have such in-
 ' fluence over her mind, that you should be
 ' afraid of abusing it; Miss Jenny's situa-
 ' tion lays us under so many nice restrictions!
 ' To advise her, may perhaps be to con-
 ' strain her. I feel a kind of uneasiness,
 ' which

‘ which I cannot easily account for. We do
 ‘ not know where we should fix our ideas of
 ‘ happiness, were we masters of our own de-
 ‘ stiny ; our hearts form such vague desires !
 ‘ Yesterday only, I thought I was acquaint-
 ‘ ed with them. Farewell, my dear sister.’

Well, Miss, said the Countess, what do you think ? Lord Arundel may be affected at the condition of the unfortunate Sophia, but what a strange turn there is in his melancholy ! He censures my advice, I have offended him by approving of Nevil’s addressees. Do not you perceive the cause of this capriciousness ? If I did not guess, I should be much mortified at the coldness of his letter. This is the only one I ever received from my brother, in which he did not give me the most flattering assurances of his friendship.

This reflection of Lady Anglesey’s struck me. The very thought of becoming the subject of the most trifling dispute, or of causing the least diminution of affection between such intimate friends, and friends so dear to me, affected me sensibly. My Lady perceived my inquietude from my reply, she smiled : Take heart, said she, I am going to destroy Nevil’s hopes for ever. Lord Arundel shall have no farther cause of uneasiness ; if my conjectures are just, if future events do not deceive my expectations, your
 heart

heart will soon be assaulted by a lover, whose interest I shall espouse in a stronger manner; I dare not explain myself farther. She immediately changed the conversation, and as I had no curiosity to learn any thing farther, I remained for a long time, a stranger to her meaning.

We were at this time in the middle of summer; Lord Arundel's name resounded throughout Great Britain. The division he commanded, being invincible under his conduct, took possession of two important fortresses, and every day was signalized by some considerable advantages they obtained. But what crowned the Earl's glory, was that surprising march, that sudden unforeseen attack, which astonished the enemy and saved ten thousand English, who were disadvantageously posted in a confined muddy spot, where their valour could be of no use to them. How much would the esteem and love of the nation have been increased, if they could have penetrated into the real motives of this bold and enterprising march, if they had been acquainted with Lord Arundel's heart, and been persuaded, as I was, that humanity alone prompted him to the relief of his deserted countrymen. The most flattering recompence of his victory was the delightful satisfaction of seeing them again, and restoring them to his country.

The

The uninterrupted success of our arms, during the course of this campaign, put an end to the military operations betimes, and Lord Arundel crossed the sea before the beginning of September. A few days after his arrival, he paid a visit to Lady Arundel; she lived within twenty miles of London, in a pleasant country, where she had every assistance about her, which was necessary for one in her condition. My Lord found her perfectly recovered, she was then in a very good state of health; but her understanding seemed as distracted as ever. Since his return from that short excursion, my Lord seemed to give way to a kind of inquietude, which the bustle of the world and the various amusements of the season were so far from dissipating, that it turned into a settled melancholy. He became quite dull and pensive, courted solitude, shut himself up in his closet, and often reproved us in a tender manner for leaving him there, and giving ourselves but little concern about the troubles of an unfortunate friend, who had too much sensibility. Nevertheless, though he had lost his vivacity, his gaiety, and perhaps in some degree his equanimity of temper, yet he still preserved his natural sweetness of disposition. Such deep inquietude did not alter the goodness of his nature, nor ever interrupt his generous attention for others. Incapable of relishing any pleasure himself, he was con-

stantly employed in promoting the felicity of every one around him.

Lady Anglesey being tenderly attached to Lord Arundel, participated of his uneasiness, without seeming to be acquainted with the secret cause which occasioned it. In time, I thought it probable that she was in her brother's confidence. Several long conferences, to which I was not a party, the sudden interruption of their discourse when I came in, their signs of private intelligence, together with an air of mystery, all which is mortifying to a friend who may be afraid to shew how offensive it is; every thing in short confirmed my suspicion: It was attended with a kind of vague and melancholy foreboding which I could not account for, and which, to my concern for Lord Arundel's indisposition, added the most restless inquietude.

His behaviour with regard to me was not absolutely changed, he did not avoid me, on the contrary, he still loved to see me, but he seemed to be afraid of speaking to me; he spent whole hours in my closet, in looking over me while I was drawing. Sometimes he took up a pencil, sketched out some loose characters, and effaced them carefully. There was nothing sullen or disagreeable in his silence; he was attentive to all my motions,

tions, every action seemed to interest him; but if I pressed him to communicate the cause of his melancholy, he was disturbed, he cast his eyes upon the ground, sighed and left me in an instant.

His reserve, together with Lady Anglesey's, and the observations I was continually making, at length led me to conclude that perhaps I was the object which made them both uneasy. What motives could induce such sincere friends to conceal their troubles from me, if I was not the occasion of them? This idea made a strong impression on me, and soon became the source of intolerable affliction. Being constantly attentive to discover the reason of Lady Anglesey's coolness, or at least to account for that silence which made me suspect it, I began to conjecture that my unfortunate adventure with Lord Danby, was become public through the indiscretion of his accomplices, or perhaps his own; and that it was no longer proper for Lady Anglesey to entertain a person as her relation and friend, whose misfortune being known, should make her devote herself to retirement. I imagined that, no doubt, my Lord and she were devising expedients to prepare me for this cruel separation. I overheard Lady Anglesey say one evening: *No, brother, no, Miss Jenny can never consent*

sent to it, she will never leave me by her own consent. Struck with these expressions, I passed the night in the most restless inquietude. Being full of trouble and agitation, and almost distracted, I ran in the morning to Lady Anglesey's apartment, and throwing myself into her arms; ah, speak to me, Madam, said I, giving way to my tears, speak to me! I must leave you, I know it, I can no longer doubt it, you are afraid to tell me so, my Lord and you suppress what passes within you from principles of generous compassion. Ah, vouchsafe to hide nothing from me! My mind, enured to grief, can support a heavy weight of affliction, but can never bear the certainty of being troublesome to you, or of causing you the slightest uneasiness.

My Lady embraced me tenderly, and mingled her tears with mine: You leave me, said she, you, my dear friend, leave me! When it is from you alone that I expect comfort and relief. Ah, how could you suppose yourself troublesome in a family where you are beloved, where the happiness of every one in it depends on you, and is connected with your presence? What would become of Lord Arundel should he miss you here? Alas, the example of the unfortunate Lord Anglesey makes me tremble for
his

his amiable brother; ah, Jenny, my dear Jenny, will you not give me hopes of preserving him?

I, Madam! I! I repeated with surprize, alas, what can I do? Every thing, said she, interrupting me hastily. He loves you, he adores you: This is all the secret between us: Fear and grief have torn it from me, have made me disregard his intreaties, and betray his confidence. Ah, if I should lose my brother! If he should die, if this dismal melancholy should carry him off! O, my dear friend! Will you refuse to assist me in reviving his dejected spirits? Shall I see Lord Arundel expire? Will you do nothing for him, for me, who intreat you to save him?

I cannot express the kind of agitation which this strange discovery raised within me. A violent palpitation disordered all my senses; tenderness, horror, a strange confusion of ideas, a mixture of sentiments confounded me, and threw me into that kind of disorder, which suspends all our faculties. I was motionless, dumb, and my tears flowed without knowing that I shed any. My dismal recollections at length brought me to myself. I shuddered when I reflected on the cruel extravagance of my destiny; which seemed to have marked me out as a
rock

rock fatal to Lord Arundel's wisdom, as I had been before to Lord Danby's honour. The tender compassion which I felt on this occasion, could not overcome my tears. Such a situation terrified me. Ah, how! Madam, said I, do you say that I must not leave you, when cruel necessity tears me from you? No, I will never be the occasion of trouble and uneasiness to a family, who condescended to receive me with so much kindness. I will never more present to Lord Arundel the unhappy object of his heart's affliction; my absence will cure the extravagance of such a noble mind. I will fly, Madam, you must allow me to go; then seizing her hands, which I eagerly kissed; O my generous friend, said I, my tears streaming with double violence, consent to my departure. Love has been the cause of my greatest misfortune, that passion has been always fatal to me! Do not expose me to the necessity of considering Lord Arundel in the light of a dangerous enemy. How, should I ever hate him, Madam! I, who have eternal obligations to him. Ah, let me go this instant, that I may preserve my friendship, my esteem, my veneration for him! And may Lady Anglesey's brother never raise any sentiment in my mind, of which he may hereafter have cause to complain.

Ah,

Ah, how uneasy you make me! said the Countess. Have you any reason to dread Lord Arundel's love? Do you doubt the dignity of his mind? the purity of his desires? Be cautious how you entertain suspicions, which may lower him, though but for a moment, in your opinion. Pity the sufferings he endures, pity me for having been the primary cause of them. Alas! Had it not been for my fatal fondness, for the indiscreet step into which youth and inexperience betrayed me, Lord Arundel perhaps had now been free to have offered his hand to my amiable friend! He might have placed her in the rank she so well deserves to hold; he might have been blest with her, and their mutual felicity might have been an inexhaustible source of happiness to myself.

The generous sentiment which induced her to turn this reflection upon herself; this tender regret which was excited by her kindness and friendship for me, affected my mind most powerfully. I condemned my vain apprehensions, and blushed at having betrayed them: Dispose of me, Madam, said I, direct my steps; my lively gratitude is such, that you may depend on a heart which is attached to you without reserve. I will follow your advice, you shall find me always obedient to your desires; but consider my situation,

tion, see how greatly it is altered. I thought that I had been indebted to friendship alone, and I find it is love which has loaded me with it's favours. Adorned as I am with it's presents, which are often dangerous and always degrading, how can I lift my eyes towards my Lord, or turn them upon myself? No, my dear Jenny, said the Countess, no, you have no obligations to love. Lord Arundel's first attentions were directed by no other motive than the desire of withdrawing you from the power of a vile seducer, and to repair an involuntary failing. If your charms have since captivated his heart, it was a long time before he could venture to avow his passion, even to himself. Some symptoms of jealousy which were occasioned by Nevil's obstinate addresses, convinced him of his fondness for you. During Lady Arundel's illness, hope flattered his mind, and carried his affection to such a degree of strength, that he was no longer able to check it's course, or suppress it's violence. I intreat your assistance, she continued, and yet I do not know what to require from your friendship. An event, with which I ought to acquaint you, increases my perplexity. It redoubles my brother's uneasiness. I think I am sufficiently acquainted with you to know in what manner you would determine; but before I explain myself farther, I would be certain how far your inclinations are concerned.

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To make him happy! I repeated in a moving tone; him, Madam! Lord Arundel, my generous protector! How, could I make him happy! Why am not I at liberty! . . . Ah, do you doubt? . . . I durst not proceed; an involuntary emotion made me look downwards, sigh, and hide my face in Lady Anglesey's bosom. Ah, you love my brother! she cried out in a transport. Yes, you love him. Do not blush to give him a preference which he deserves, and to which he has so many titles. O, my dear Jenny, you shall be his companion; you shall be my sister; we will owe our happiness to you, a happiness perhaps not far distant. By my order, it is kept a secret from my Lord, that Lady Arundel has had a relapse, which may be attended with very dangerous consequences. For these six days past I have sent an express to her every morning. Lady Sophia's fate being still uncertain,

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certain, I dare not yet acquaint him with her condition; I would not wish to revive hopes, in a mind of such sensibility, which events may once more frustrate. But, my dear friend, she continued, from the tenderness with which I find you affected, I am persuaded that I run no risk in acquitting myself of the disagreeable office with which my brother charged me yesterday. I must acquaint you with some news which nearly concerns you. The Dutchess of Rutland The door opening immediately, we perceived Lord Arundel. The Countess said no more, and we both rose to receive him. He came forward slowly, and saluted us. His countenance was timid, and his air somewhat melancholy. He took his seat between the Countess and me, and looked at us for some time attentively without speaking. He rivetted his eyes on mine, as if he would penetrate to the very bottom of my soul. Well, said he at length, how has Miss Jenny determined? I have not acquainted her yet, said the countess: Ah, what has been the subject of your conversation then, he asked with some eagerness, whence arises that melancholy, what can make Miss Jenny uneasy? I thought it was proper to prepare her to attend to me, replied the Countess. Being concerned that I was obliged to speak to her of Lord Danby, I was willing . . . Lord Danby, said I, interrupting her, surprised

prized at hearing that odious name, can you, Madam, said I, speak to me about him? I cannot avoid it, said she; the Dutchess of Rutland died within this month; I was going to acquaint you with this, when my Lord came in. The heir to her fortune offers to share it with you. He demands Miss Jenny's hand, as a blessing which belongs to him, which he has already possessed, and which he thinks he has a right to reclaim. But hear what he says. Then taking two letters from the mantle-piece, notwithstanding all my opposition and intreaties, she opened one, and obliged me to hear the following contents:

Lord DANBY's Letter to Lord ARUNDEL.

‘ **T**HE constant and severe recollection
 ‘ of the just reproaches which I have
 ‘ incurred from you, my Lord, would make
 ‘ me apprehensive that you would be little
 ‘ disposed to favour my desires; if a propo-
 ‘ sal, wherein my honour concurs with my
 ‘ inclination, did not make me secure of
 ‘ your approbation. At length I have it in
 ‘ my power to make reparation for a fault,
 ‘ at which I blush even now; I can con-
 ‘ vince Miss Jenny, that love alone made me
 ‘ criminal, and I can now renew, under
 ‘ more happy auspices, those ties which at-
 Vol. II. I ‘ tached

' tached me to her. Miss Jenny is under
 ' your protection, my Lord; the asylum
 ' which you have afforded her, obliges me
 ' to consider her as dependant on you and
 ' Lady Anglesey. It is to you both therefore
 ' that I address myself to obtain her hand.
 ' Do me the favour to present her the letter
 ' which I inclose in yours, and join your
 ' kind offices to my ardent intreaties. The
 ' event which allows me to make a public
 ' profession of my tenderness, will, no doubt,
 ' remove her aversion. It is a duty which
 ' she owes to herself, to sacrifice her resent-
 ' ments. Can she hesitate, when a regard
 ' for her reputation, when the vows which
 ' she made without restraint, and in the sin-
 ' cerity of her heart, have given me so ma-
 ' ny rights over her person? Sacred, invio-
 ' lable rights, which nothing shall ever oblige
 ' me to renounce.

' I have desired the government to recall
 ' me, or at least to allow me to come and
 ' spend some time in England. On my
 ' arrival at London, every thing shall be
 ' ready to renew those dear ties. I shall be
 ' happy, my Lord, if at the time that I
 ' receive from your hands a woman whom I
 ' adore, I dare flatter myself to find again,
 ' in you, that kind and indulgent friend,
 ' whose esteem will always be wanting to
 ' compleat my felicity, if I am doomed to
 ' the

‘ the bitter vexation of being unable to recover it.’

P. S. ‘ In the name of all that’s moving, importune Miss Jenny to favour me with an answer; with a speedy answer, with a kind answer.’

Answer him, said I, I answer him! Never. How, Madam, how, my Lord, is it thus my expectations are deceived? Did you not promise me, that, secure from these odious pursuits, I should find my asylum respected by this worthless Lord?

In the Dutches of Rutland’s lifetime, said Lord Arundel, I thought I had a right to secure you from Lord Danby’s power, even from his sight, and to insist, that he should not write to you. But he is now at liberty, Miss, he offers you a constant heart, an honourable title, and just reparation: Would it become me to oppose his happiness? Lord Danby’s destiny is in your hands: The inclinations of your mind must determine his fate. He has been criminal no doubt, but he has been unhappy! Hated, despised, how great have his sufferings been! So tedious an absence, such inquietude! What a torment it is to love, to be afraid of declaring it, to see a cruel unsurmountable ob-

stacle between us and the object of our desires; to sigh in solitude, to shut ourselves up, to be continually labouring to suppress and stifle a passion always ready to shew itself, and whose delight consists in appearing publickly, in giving proofs of it's existence, of it's violence, and of it's excess! Ah, Miss Jenny, Miss Jenny! I cannot withhold my compassion from the man who loves you without hope.

These expressions, which were so perfectly descriptive of Lord Arundel's heart, affected me powerfully; they drew tears from my eyes. The Countess mistook the cause from whence they flowed, and seemed to be uneasy. Wherefore these tears? said she to me. Are you not mistress of your own desires, of your own conduct? Can Lord Danby lead you to the altar against your will? Has he any rights, if you do not give them a sanction? Nothing obliges you to run the hazard of being farther affected by reading the letter he has sent you, and I advise you to return it without breaking the seal. No, my Lord replied, that proceeding would be too severe. I will not deny my Lord the service he has so earnestly solicited of me; and I presume to require Miss Jenny's compliance so far, as to hear the letter, if she cannot resolve to read it herself. Let us see then,

then, said my Lady, breaking the seal, how he can justify so infamous a conduct, and induce Miss Jenny to forgive him.

Lord DANBY'S Letter to Miss JENNY
SALISBURY.

‘ I Have kept the painful silence I inflicted
‘ on myself. I have kept it without mur-
‘ muring; I have suffered at a distance from
‘ you; I have respected your just resentment.
‘ But now I am at liberty to resume a title,
‘ which I have so long regretted, may I hope
‘ to obtain forgiveness? To call to your
‘ mind an unhappy wretch, treated with so
‘ much rigour, with so much disdain? Ah,
‘ restore to me that lovely wife, who loved
‘ me not, who has given me too many proofs
‘ that she did not! but whose slightest com-
‘ pliance is sufficient to make me happy!
‘ Restore to me that blest time, when every
‘ evening I flattered myself that I should
‘ next day find you more sensible to my
‘ love.

‘ If three years remorse, pain and an-
‘ guish; if the privation of all correspon-
‘ dence with you; if the restless torment of
‘ finding you prefer the assistance of stran-
‘ gers to that of a submissive lover, have
‘ not sufficiently expiated my crime, punish

' me still farther. But do not hate me, do
 ' not despise me. Consent to receive the
 ' pledge of my faith at the foot of the al-
 ' tar. O, my dear Jenny, be generous.
 ' Forget what is past. A faithful heart, a
 ' sincere lover, a fond husband, implores
 ' your pity. Ah, forgive me! Every thing
 ' ought to plead with you in my favour; my
 ' love, my constancy, my crime itself, if
 ' you would condescend to examine into the
 ' motive of it! O, my dear Jenny! You
 ' may at once restore to me my happiness
 ' and my innocence; on my knees I implore
 ' you to grant me both.'

P. S. ' I conjure you to write to me speedily. Great God! What expectation,
 ' what dread; and what pleasing hope! . . .
 ' Ah, will you be cruel enough to destroy
 ' it?'

This man is miserable, no doubt, said the Countess, having finished the letter. Could a heart capable of preserving the same affections so long, thus inhumanly sacrifice the object which gave them birth! A profound silence succeeded Lady Anglesey's reflection. I wept, and Lord Arundel had hold of one of my hands, which he gently pressed. What shall I conclude from your emotions, dear Miss, said he; do you forgive Lord Danby? Do you accept of his offers, shall I write to him?

him? What answer do you allow me to return? I fixed my eyes upon him, and I perceived sadness and inquietude in his countenance. Ah, how, my Lord, said I to him, would you advise me? Ah, do not consult me, he replied, interrupting me suddenly. I do not find my mind sufficiently unbiassed to weigh my Lord's pretensions with equity. No, Miss, no, I will not determine between you and him. I may be unjust. I repeat it to you again, your inclinations alone must fix Lord Danby's doom.

It is then fixed for ever, said I. I will neither see Lord Danby, nor hear from him. If my misfortunes alone had induced me to take refuge under the shelter of his tenderness, or if love had prepossessed me in his favour, his offers would have restored to me those advantages which were the objects of my ambition; in his person, I should regain the object of my wishes. I should then be inclined to forgive him, and to reap the fruits of my indulgence; but neither one motive or the other prevailed on me to give him my hand. It was an appearance of delicacy, an affected generosity; it was the sacrifices he seemed to make, which seduced my inclinations. It was to my gratitude, to my esteem, nay to my respect for him, that he was indebted for my condescension. Can

these sentiments, which his behaviour has destroyed, ever revive? I should have the same contempt for myself, which I entertain for him, if the vain splendor of fortune should engage me to promise love to the man I hate, to place myself under his subjection; and persuade me to sacrifice a just resentment to interest and ambition. No, my Lord, no; no one shall ever hear me pronounce a vow at the altar, which my heart would contradict. Lord Danby has betrayed me. I will not degrade myself by following his example. In the disposition I am with regard to him, to marry him, would be to betray him in my turn.

A mild joy diffused itself over Lord Arundel's countenance. He took hold of the Countess's hand, drew it near mine, which he still had hold of, and squeezing them both: O my amiable sisters, said he in a moving accent, you will not part then. I shall still enjoy the delightful pleasure of seeing you, of talking to you, of hearing you: You are both precious to my soul, you engross all my affections. O, Miss Jenny! I expected that you would display this noble pride; it exalts you still higher in my esteem. No, the man who could offend you, who could prefer himself to you, is unworthy of you; you have no obligations to him; your vows do not attach you to him. I pity Lord
Dan-

Danby, he has lost you; but he is deservedly punished, and had you forgiven him, it would perhaps have been rather an instance of weakness than generosity.

Having said thus much, my Lord rose, took a turn or two, and went towards the window; seeing one of his Lady's footmen in the court-yard, he called to inquire what brought him there; the Countess then found herself obliged to acquaint him with Lady Sophia's condition. My Lord gently reproved her for her silence; which exposed him to the appearance of being indifferent about a person in whose welfare he was concerned, and sincerely affected. She gave him two letters from Mrs. Monfort. The first, contained a detail of Lady Arundel's accident. The second, acquainted him that that unfortunate Lady called for him every minute, and seemed earnestly desirous of seeing him and speaking to him. My Lord was greatly affected on reading these letters. Unhappy Sophia! he repeated several times, I do not wish thy death, Heaven is witness that I do not desire it. No, notwithstanding the painful situation of my mind He paused: She has a right to my attention, sister, said he, resuming his discourse, I must go to her this instant: I will preserve her, if the assistance of art and my assiduities can

restore her; then addressing himself to me, he took my hand and kissing it, said, Farewell, dear Miss, I leave you smitten with a sentiment of veneration; it adds new ties to those Here he stopped. Thou lovely creature, he continued, in a fond accent, may this hand be one day the reward of as sincere an esteem, of as strong and pure a friendship He stopped again, and lowering his voice: May some happy lover receive this hand freely from your heart; may he be indebted for it to your own inclination, to his assiduity . . . Here he sighed; and retiring with a kind of confusion: No, said he, I should be cruel, if I presumed to form any wishes.

Lady Anglesey, running towards him and embracing him affectionately, said to him, Ah why, brother, wherefore should you be afraid of forming wishes for your own happiness, for mine, for Jenny's? Do you imagine that she is a stranger to your affections? Ah, should you be free at your return, her heart will sympathize with yours.

She acquainted with my affections! replied the Earl, blushing. She acquainted with them! How? Since when? What, my Lady, could you betray me! Ah, Miss Jenny, what has she told you?

No-

Nothing, I replied, but what adds to the esteem and gratitude I owe Lord Arundel; my misfortune has not learnt me to be suspicious of a generous mind, to confound opposite characters, and to be afraid of a generous friend. Far, far from me, be such injurious distrust: Your sentiments, my Lord, exalt you in my opinion; and if the event should, conformably to Lady Anglesey's wishes, one day allow me I durst not proceed. Go on, said the Earl, falling at my feet; this is the first moment I ever disclosed my heart to you, it shall be the last I will ever presume to address you, if I should find no change in my condition. Ah! Make this moment best by a kind assurance of your favourable sentiments. Do not blush at the amiable canour, at the noble sincerity, with which you was going to answer me. Speak, Miss, say; should I be in a condition to make you an offer of my hand, would you condescend to be mine? Yes, my Lord, said I, without hesitating, I will consent to be yours; but this is not all; when you stoop so low as me, I owe you some farther proofs of my attachment and gratitude. I promise then, I vow in the presence of Lord Arundel, to preserve so long as I live, the recollection of his generous affection, to consider myself as the woman his heart has made choice of, as the wife he has condescended to engage: and if providence does not design

me hereafter to be the happy companion of his days, my hand shall never be bestowed on any other.

Ah, Madam, how should I ever forget so solemn, so sacred an oath? Ah, for whom am I pressed to violate it? O Lord Arundel! I will keep my word, I will pay due respect to my engagements, my conduct shall justify your esteem, I will carry my gratitude to the grave, and go thither worthy of you.

The Earl went away secure in my affections, and his departure made way for new reflections. I was a stranger to those powerful and involuntary emotions, whose resistless force determines us in spite of ourselves to favour the object which excites them. Can we form a true idea of love from the tenderness we inspire, and of which we do not participate? It is from our own feelings, that we must learn to distinguish the true impressions of love, from those of esteem, gratitude and friendship. Lord Danby's ardour, appeared to my tranquil examination to be no more than a disorder of the mind, a tormenting desire, as it disposed him to be unhappy because he could not communicate the painful perturbations of his own breast to mine.

Sensible

Sensible to Lord Arundel's merit, assiduous about him, constantly contriving something to amuse him, to entertain him, his virtues, the inexpressible charms of his conversation, the dignity of his conduct, my obligations to him, seemed to be the foundation of my strong attachment to his person; I wished to promote his happiness, I wished it earnestly; but without desiring to be the arbitress of his fate. Being capable of separating his interest from my own, I should have adopted every expedient to make him happy, even those which were quite independent of any regard to myself. Nevertheless Lady Anglesey assured me that I loved him, that I had been in love with him for some time. Being uncertain with respect to my feelings, I durst not combat these ideas; but a few days after Lord Arundel's departure, I learned, at the expence of my peace, I learned to distinguish the raging ardour of our passions, from the mild glow of friendship.

The Dutchess of Surry, who was somewhat advanced in years, but of a very amiable disposition, was extremely intimate with Lady Anglesey. She used, by way of pleasantry, to call her her child, and would frequently chide her for being so obstinate in preserving her freedom. She had a nephew, her sister's son, who, by the death of his elder

elder brother, was within six months past become the head of his family. The Dutchess was passionately fond of him. He was then upon his travels. She had just recalled him, and waited with impatience, she said, to marry him to a compleat woman, and appoint him her sole heir. Eight days after Lord Arundel's departure, this wished for relation of the Dutchess's came at last. She made my Lady acquainted with his return, and she came that very evening to present Lord Edward to her, now Earl of Clare.

I cannot hear that name mentioned without recollecting that fatal walk, when it was my misfortune to meet with Sir James. At the first sight of him, my Lady felt a strange emotion; some slight resemblance put her in mind of Lord Anglesey; and by a remarkable singularity, the first impression which he made on two hearts doomed to love him, was attended with a cast of melancholy.

Lord Edmond seemed very serious and even disconcerted. He said little. The Countess asked him to which of the countries he had travelled through, he gave the preference; and what objects were most agreeable to his taste. He examined us both for some time; and turning towards my Lady, without taking his eyes off me: My

own country, said he, Madam, presents me with objects so worthy of my admiration, that they have already effaced the impressions I received abroad.

There was no reason why a compliment dictated by meer politeness, and which besides was not particularly addressed to me, should appear to me as any thing extraordinary or flattering. It struck me nevertheless. I was obliged to Lord Edmond for not bringing home with him an unkind prejudice against his countrywomen; I examined him attentively, he seemed perfectly amiable: The more I considered him, the more I was inclined to pardon his aunt's partiality, which I had before in some measure condemned as a weakness.

Lord Arundel passed many melancholy hours with Lady Sophia. During considerable intervals, when, being less agitated, she talked with some degree of consistence, she fixed her eyes on my Lord; she recollected him, took hold of his hands, thanked him for the care and affection with which he attended her, and intreated him not to leave her while she was alive. He wrote to me every day, but never made any mention of his fondness for me. His letters were dictated by principles of friendship and confidence. Love did not presume to make it's
ap-

appearance. The sight of his dying Lady afforded my Lord a scene so affecting, that his heart could not give way to any other emotions than those of tender compassion. He had sent a letter to Lord Danby. Without entering into the particulars of his answer, he only acquainted me that he seemed determined not to abandon his hopes.

Lady Anglesey gave my Lord an exact account of all my proceedings; she tried to amuse him by entertaining anecdotes, and for several days, the entertainments which the Dutchess gave on her nephew's return, became the subject of a thousand little pleasantries. She desired my Lord to assist her in finding out who this *complete* woman was, to whom Lady Surry intended the honour of being her niece. She spoke in jest, nevertheless she could not help discovering a curiosity to know who it was. I likewise had a longing of this sort; but from a whimsical notion which I could not account for, I could not persuade myself that she was so amiable, and I pitied Lord Edmond for being obliged to subject his taste to his aunt's fancy. His brother's extreme negligence, his tedious melancholy, and the bad management of those who had the care of his effects, had thrown his affairs into disorder. At his death, Lord Clare was indebted for the conveniences he enjoyed to the favour of his
cre-

creditors. His brother found himself obliged to renounce his right. He inherited the title, but had nothing to support the dignity of it, but the Dutchess of Surry's friendship. This Lady, who was very rich, but very absolute in her will, prescribed laws to him; and her nephew, whom she was so fond of, could not oppose her inclinations without running the risk of losing her favour.

You have never seen Lord Edmond, Madam; his letter, which you lately sent to me, is sufficient to convince you how warm and animated he is, and how much he is capable of sacrificing to his desires, and to the fondness of his heart. He would have given up the whole happiness of his life for a momentary gratification, if I, like him, had been weak enough to have given way to the illusion of my senses, if I had ventured to indulge my inclinations, and yield to his indiscreet addresses. Nothing can be more amiable than Lord Clare; though not so tall and majestic as Lord Arundel, his shape is light, airy and graceful. He has large black eyes, whose fire is attempered by a tender languishing cast, which gives his countenance as much sweetness as expression. There is an ease in all his motions. He has taken care to cultivate agreeable talents, which being displayed gradually, continually shew the owner in a new light, and enable him to join
the

the art of being amusing and entertaining, with the advantage of commanding respect by more essential qualities.

I saw Lord Edmond every day for near a month, without perceiving that his company gave me uncommon pleasure. Lady Anglesey received him with a peculiar distinction. She often spoke of him, and commended him highly. I was pleased to hear her; all other discourse appeared to me insipid. I loved Lord Edmond's friends and relations; I considered those as strangers, with whom he had no connections. Restless emotions began to disturb my repose, and time no longer kept an equal pace with me. I thought the hours tedious in the day time, but in the evening they flew away with an astonishing rapidity. When Lord Clare went away, the vivacity with which I had been animated till then left me; a stupid inertness succeeded, I still looked for Lord Clare, and sighed; incapable of employment or amusement, I could find nothing to fill up the interval, which divided the noon from night, and the night from next day.

His attention was equally distributed between the Countess and me. Sometimes I felt a kind of disgust at seeing him destroy a partiality he had just shewn for me, by a preference soon after paid to her. I studied
his

his character, and found myself anxious to penetrate into the inmost recesses of his soul. I wanted to know his thoughts, his wishes; but when my eyes were fixed on his, his looks darted fire through my heart, and I was agitated by violent emotions. Without knowing from whence this painful, yet pleasing inquietude arose, I was afraid of letting it appear, and I endeavoured, with great anxiety, to discover from the countenance of those around me, whether they did not perceive the inward agitations of my mind.

I was too soon enlightened with regard to the nature of my affections. Ah, Madam, how happy I was to be ignorant, and yet to enjoy them! How happy is it to love, and to dissemble even with ourselves! A letter from Lord Arundel destroyed my happiness. It introduced regret and remorse into my heart, together with the cruel pangs of jealousy. I found the difference between the uneasiness which others create us, and the real misfortune of having cause to accuse ourselves, to complain of our own injustice, of our own indiscretion: On reading this fatal letter, I seemed, for the first time, to feel the pointed stings of grief.

Lord

Lord ARUNDEL's Letter to Miss JENNY.

‘ MY confidence engages me to commu-
 ‘ nicate to you a scheme which has
 ‘ been formed long since between the Dutch-
 ‘ ess of Surry and me. It is in your power,
 ‘ my lovely friend, to be of service to all the
 ‘ parties concerned. You have had time to
 ‘ examine and be acquainted with Lord
 ‘ Clare. Is he worthy of my sister? Your
 ‘ answer shall determine my conduct with
 ‘ regard to Lady Anglesey. I have promis-
 ‘ ed the Dutchess to forward the scheme of
 ‘ so suitable a connection, upon the supposi-
 ‘ tion that Edward’s merit and the Coun-
 ‘ tress’s inclination should afford me reason-
 ‘ able motives for persuading her to make a
 ‘ second choice.

‘ If I may believe Lady Surry, Edmond
 ‘ is passionately in love, and my sister takes
 ‘ pleasure in his company. This worthy re-
 ‘ lation may be mistaken; but you, Miss,
 ‘ who are free from any interest or prejudice,
 ‘ you may form a true judgment how far
 ‘ the young Lord has made an impression on
 ‘ your friend’s heart. How delighted should
 ‘ I be to find her partial in his favour, and
 ‘ to have it in my power to oblige her by
 ‘ seconding the intentions of the Dutchess!

‘ My

‘ My design is to make my sister’s fortune
 ‘ equal to hers. A great part of my felici-
 ‘ ty consists in seeing her perfectly happy.
 ‘ Alas! I am not at liberty to entertain you
 ‘ with what is next in my wishes. Pity me,
 ‘ pity the unhappy Sophia. She draws near
 ‘ to her latest moments. Her grateful ac-
 ‘ knowledgements of my weak and ineffec-
 ‘ tual services wound me to the heart. I
 ‘ have never neglected her. I have always
 ‘ been glad to procure her that degree of
 ‘ happiness, which her disordered mind would
 ‘ allow her to enjoy : It is a comfort how-
 ‘ ever to have nothing to reproach myself
 ‘ with on her account, and to hear her load
 ‘ me with blessings in those moments when
 ‘ she is composed But why should I
 ‘ afflict you with these melancholy details.
 ‘ Farewell. Vouchsafe now and then to
 ‘ think of a friend whose heart is tenderly
 ‘ attached to you.’

I did not read it through, the letter dropt
 out of my hands, a deadly chilness stopped
 the palpitation of my heart. Struck mo-
 tionless, and almost lifeless, I fell against the
 back of the chair on which I was sitting.
 All nature seemed to vanish from my sight,
 and nothing seemed to have any existence
 with regard to me. This delirium lasted but
 a short time; a thousand grievous pangs un-
 happily brought me to myself; burning tears
 trickled

Lord ARUNDEL's Letter to Miss JENNY.

‘ MY confidence engages me to commu-
 ‘ nicate to you a scheme which has
 ‘ been formed long since between the Dutch-
 ‘ ess of Surry and me. It is in your power,
 ‘ my lovely friend, to be of service to all the
 ‘ parties concerned. You have had time to
 ‘ examine and be acquainted with Lord
 ‘ Clare. Is he worthy of my sister? Your
 ‘ answer shall determine my conduct with
 ‘ regard to Lady Anglesey. I have promis-
 ‘ ed the Dutchess to forward the scheme of
 ‘ so suitable a connection, upon the supposi-
 ‘ tion that Edward’s merit and the Coun-
 ‘ tress’s inclination should afford me reason-
 ‘ able motives for persuading her to make a
 ‘ second choice.

‘ If I may believe Lady Surry, Edmond
 ‘ is passionately in love, and my sister takes
 ‘ pleasure in his company. This worthy re-
 ‘ lation may be mistaken; but you, Miss,
 ‘ who are free from any interest or prejudice,
 ‘ you may form a true judgment how far
 ‘ the young Lord has made an impression on
 ‘ your friend’s heart. How delighted should
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trickled down my face and bosom. He loves Lady Anglesey, said I, he is designed for her, she takes pleasure in his company! I incessantly repeated to myself the same expressions. They were only interrupted by my sighs and groans. I picked up the letter, tried to read it again, but the profusion of my tears hid the letters from my sight, and I threw it a great distance from me. During my delirium, I reproached Lord Arundel for his slow confidence, Lady Anglesey for her indiscreet reserve, and Lord Clare for every thing which led me to conclude that he did not give her the preference.

In the midst of this tumult of my senses, some sober reflections occurred to my mind. They in some measure appeased the violence of my first emotions, without lessening my uneasiness. Of whom did I complain? How was I offended? Whom could I accuse as the cause of that distress with which I found myself overwhelmed. Seduced by my own weakness, my reproaches should fall on myself alone. By giving way to this soothing propensity, had I then forgot my engagements with Lord Arundel? Was it with Lady Anglesey that I presumed to dispute the claim to Lord Clare's heart? Ah, why should I wish to move a heart prepossessed in her favour? What advantage would my love procure Lord Edmond? Did it be-
come

come me, the sad sport of fortune, to enter into competition with my protectress? I blushed at the momentary forgetfulness of my duty and obligations, I abhorred the sentiment which led me to discover the seeds of ingratitude in my heart. When I reflected on Lord Arundel, on his kindness, his tenderness, his generous intentions, I abandoned myself to regret on being conscious how little I was worthy of him. I picked up his letter again with respect, I bedewed it with my tears; ashamed of my extravagant passion, I resolved to stifle a love which reason and honour condemned; and my return to gratitude and friendship was so sincere, that I wished Lady Anglesey's union with Lord Clare, if it might contribute to promote their mutual felicity.

Lady Anglesey was gone about six miles out of town, to assist at the wedding of a young Lady whom she had a regard for. When she returned, the rattling of her coach threw me into vast agitation. My heart fluttered when I saw her come in: How beautiful she appeared! In what a melancholy light did I look on myself, when I beheld the train which proceeded and followed her. Struck for the first time by external pomp, title and grandeur, I found myself affected by the vast difference which fortune had placed between us. Lord Clare came in the
minute

minute after her; his presence occasioned that sudden change within me, which we experience at the sight of some terrifying object; I did not lift up my eyes towards him; being quite absent, in the midst of a circle which increased every minute, I saw nothing, I heard nothing. Lord Edmond went out, I turned my head towards the door, our looks met, and I thought that I perceived a cast of melancholy in his countenance.

I spent the whole night in giving Lord Arundel a faithful description of Lord Clare: How often did my expressions discover my grief and agitation: I began again every moment; my tears effaced the characters, which my trembling hand could scarce mark. I was still engaged in this painful employment at break of day: the next day I was found to be somewhat feverish, and oppressed with a vast heaviness. My indisposition left me at liberty to avoid, without any affectation, the sight of Lord Edmond, and to exclude every body from my apartment.

Lady Anglesey spent part of the day with me; being obliged to quit me in the evening, she seemed to do violence to herself by leaving me in that solitude which I wished to indulge. I was far from enjoying that composure which my heart flattered itself I should find in retirement: A restless inquietude
pre-

prevented the freedom of my reflections: Attentive to the least noise, every coach that stopped, startled me; I thought that I knew Lord Clare's from the rest, that I could distinguish the prance of his horses; my heart fluttered; an involuntary motion made me rise hastily, and go towards the door; I was just ready to go down stairs, and I blushed at the attempt; I rung the bell to know whether my Lord was not just come in, and was afraid to ask the question; I thought that I saw him with my Lady, that I heard him declare his sentiments; and I imagined that my presence had obliged him to delay the declaration. Supported by Lord Arundel's approbation, he had no occasion to be under any restraint: Ah, who had a right to silence him, if my Lady *took pleasure in his company.*

These tumultuous emotions were scarce over, when the Countess came up stairs to me. I examined her with anxiety, with a degree of attention mixed with apprehension; I endeavoured to discover if she had nothing particular upon her mind; I asked her several questions concerning the amusements of the evening: Lord Clare's name, always ready to escape from me, hung between my lips; and if my Lady mentioned it, I was disturbed, and durst not desire her to

inform me what had been the subject of their conversation.

I passed eight days in this distressful situation, and was contriving pretences to prolong my retirement, when my Lady received an express from Lord Arundel. She hastened to come and acquaint me with the news she had received: O my dear friend, she cried, receive my tender, my sincere congratulations! Lady Sophia is dead, it is no longer Miss Jenny, it is my sister, it is Lady Arundel whom I embrace: Ah, she continued in a transport, at length then I shall see my brother happy, I shall see joy once more sparkle in his face, I shall no longer reproach myself on account of his unfortunate marriage, which was the cause of all my uneasiness.

Moved and surprized as I was, I could make no answer, the sighs which were occasioned by the shame of my secret inclinations, the tears which a thousand confused emotions drew from my eyes, deprived me of the power of speech. The Countess interpreted my silence and tears, by supposing me affected with the same pleasure she experienced herself. I am going to my Lord, said she; I would not wound the unhappy Sophia's eyes by my presence, I had injured her, I had

had a regard for her; her husband cannot regret her; but I know him too well, not to be persuaded that he is most sincerely afflicted. When he has fulfilled all the melancholy duties which are requisite, I will bring him again to my dear Jenny's feet: Then she embraced me again, left me, and set out the next moment.

This event, which was daily expected, and which should have afforded me such a delightful prospect, made me on the contrary give way to the most mortifying reflections. Lord Arundel was soon to appear before me, he loved me, he was free, he thought himself beloved, I was engaged to him by my promise; I gave it of my own accord, with a sincere intention of keeping it: How could so short a time make me so different from myself? Why did I tremble at the very thought of Lord Arundel's return? By what fatality did the affections of so worthy a man become a misfortune to me? How, did Lord Arundel's love excite fear and terror, nay less pardonable emotions, in a heart which it ought to impress with the most lively gratitude! I endeavoured to search at the bottom of this heart, so strangely altered, the traces of that tenderness which the discovery of Lord Clare's views had occasioned in it; by what charm, by what magick, could a man who was indifferent to-

wards me, and fond of another, efface such impressions of kindness? What hope encouraged my attachment to him? Ah, what if he had loved me! Would he be worthy of a preference in my affections? Could the most blind prejudice prevent my perceiving Lord Arundel's superiority? Where should I find his equal? I was conscious of my injustice, I reproached myself for it, I wept; and after tedious and melancholy meditations, I still found the same emotions at the bottom of my heart, which I had that minute condemned.

My inquietude of mind would not allow me to read, or to attend to my ordinary occupations: I was continually walking about my room; and if fatigue obliged me to rest myself, some new inquietude forced me to resume the same exercise. At seven o'clock in the evening, I heard a coach stop; my Lady was not at home, I saw no company; wherefore then did the coach wait at the door? I went to the window, and by the light of the flambeaux, I distinguished Lord Clare's livery. Terrified, trembling, almost beside myself, I hastily withdrew from the window. Bella came in to increase my disorder, by acquainting me that Lord Edmond earnestly desired leave to visit me. Being quite confused and undetermined, I looked at the girl with an appearance of stupidity;

I could not speak, and she took my silence as a token of consent that I meant to receive the visit she had acquainted me with; she was going out, I stopped her, and ordered her to acquaint my Lord that I found myself indisposed, and desired he would excuse me. As she went from me, I made two steps towards her; I wished to stop her, but I had so much command of myself as not to call her back. The next minute, the coach drove away, and my heart was grieved; I fretted, I shed tears, I reproached myself of uncivil behaviour towards Lord Clare, which was of no service to me: Why should I have avoided the sight of him? Perhaps that moment was the only one in which I could ever enjoy his company, without Lady Anglesey's engrossing his attention; he would have looked at me only, he would have talked to me alone. I blushed at these vain regrets, but my reason could not assuage their bitterness.

The Dutches of Surry sent the next day to inquire after me. I received a message from her, desiring to know, whether a visit from her would be inconvenient to me. It would have been difficult for me to have refused the honour she intended me, and I resolved without hesitation to receive her. She came at six o'clock; after the first compliments were over, she shewed me a letter from Lord A-

rundel. I therein found the countenance which he gave to Lord Clare's addresses; he promised to espouse his pretensions with all his influence, advised the Dutchess to communicate her intentions to me, and engage me to use my interest with Lady Anglesey, when it was time to communicate the proposals to her. I should not have waited for this advice, Miss, said the Dutchess, to intreat you to enter into our views, if Edmond's excessive delicacy, did not lay me under some restraints. I find him to be of a very romantic disposition; I blame him, I chide him, and nevertheless I yield to his desires. Never was any lover so afraid of the mediation of his friends; he would owe the Countess's hand to that affectionate partiality, with which he hopes in time to inspire her; his obstinacy in not declaring his sentiments, in intreating me not to press any thing, would make me uneasy with regard to his inclinations, if every circumstance did not assure me that he is passionately enamoured. He does not live, he does not breathe, when absent from Lady Anglesey, he waits with impatience for the hour of seeing her, but he undoubtedly has little reason to be satisfied with the progress he makes in her affections, for within these few days he appears to be melancholy and pensive. Tell me sincerely, my dear Miss, said she, with a winning air, your friend conceals nothing from you, does she

she regard Edmond with indifference? Do you think she prefers the insipid pleasure of preserving her liberty, to the delight of making a man happy, who seems in no respect to be unworthy of her.

I heard the Dutchess with concern: every thing which confirmed Edmond's love gave me new uneasiness; the inquietude she observed in him, affected me; he loved, but he did not know whether his affection was approved of or not; my own situation made me commiserate his; Lady Anglesey and Lord Clare seemed formed to be agreeable to each other, to love each other, to be united, and to make each other happy. Why should I refuse to second the desires of the Dutchess? Could I be indifferent about the happiness of two people who were so dear to me? Could my heart entertain a sentiment repugnant to the felicity of Lord Edmond, and of the amiable Lady Anglesey? Nevertheless I fetched a deep sigh before I could answer, and I could not promise without offering violence to myself; and my expressions were so cool, that Lady Surry had little reason to be obliged to me.

The conversation changed to another subject; it turned on Lady Sophia's death, Lord Arundel's sensibility, and the recovery of his liberty. My Lady acquainted me

with many particulars of his conduct respecting Lady Latimer, whom he regarded as a mother to the day of her death. While she was expatiating on my Lord's good qualities, the accomplishments of his person, and the dignity of his mind, my Lady eyed me with a sagacious look, and seemed as if she would penetrate into my heart. She dwelt on the subject a long time, without any interruption on my part, and was still proceeding, when a servant came in to acquaint her that Lord Clare waited for her below. How! already, said the Dutches, I will never be governed by him, if he attempts to interrupt me in this manner; and then turning towards me: Indeed, Miss, said she, I cannot resolve to leave you so soon; pray give orders for him to come up. Being forced to receive this dangerous visit, I endeavoured to conceal the uneasiness it occasioned me. Lord Clare's first salute surprized me; he did not expect, he said, to find no traces in my countenance of that troublesome indisposition, which had been so violent as to deprive my friends of the pleasure of seeing me, and to occasion such a tedious confinement.

This kind of reproof, my Lord's serious air, that languishing tone which increased the natural harmony of his voice, that incomprehensible charm which accompanies the

the slightest observations made by one we love, all contributed to make me too much affected by this trifling reflection. Lord Clare's looks were animated, and he seemed transported at seeing me again; You will not deny yourself any longer, said he, with an air of vivacity; we shall enjoy the happiness of finding you with the Countess; you will not grieve your friends any more, you will allow them to see you. If I had not been acquainted with Lord Edmond's passion for Lady Anglesey, I should have thought that I could read in his eyes that I was the arbitress of his pleasure, and of all the emotions of his mind.

The Dutchess desired him to return me thanks; she assured him that I interested myself in the success of his addresses. He sighed, bowed, looked at me, cast his eyes downwards, and remained silent. The Dutchess proceeding, resumed the conversation at the point where Lord Clare had interrupted her, and began again, with a kind of affectation, to pass encomiums on Lord Arundel. I heard her without saying any thing. Indeed, Miss, said she, I must complain of your reserve; you seem to hear me with unconcern: Nevertheless, Lady Sophia's death is not a circumstance so uninteresting to you; and if I am not mistaken, a happy destiny awaits on Lady Anglesey's charming friend.

Honour me with your confidence, she continued, giving me her hand with a smiling air, Lord Arundel loves you, I know he does; be sincere, confess that you love him also.

This abrupt question, confounded and disturbed me. I hesitated, and was afraid to answer. If Lady Anglesey had made her her confidant, I ought not to contradict her. If the Dutchess spoke at random, I was afraid of discovering Lord Arundel's secret, before he thought proper to declare it himself. Lord Clare's presence increased my perplexity; I know not from whence it arose, that before him I would not value myself for being the object of any other person's passion. I turned my eyes towards him, his looks expressed surprize, grief and inquietude; they affected my heart with a melancholy sensation, which was nevertheless attended with a kind of pleasure. I answered at last, but eluded the question, without discovering Lord Arundel's intentions or my own, and yet without destroying Lady Surry's impressions. I was still speaking, when Lord Clare raising hastily, reminded his aunt that a longer visit might be inconvenient to me, and pretending that he had forgotten an affair of importance, he intreated her to go with him to the place where his business called him. The Dutchess had scarce time to give me as-

surance of her friendship, to ask pardon for her indiscreet curiosity, and to protest to me that the only reason she had for prying into my secrets, was the desire she had to see me the happiest wife in England.

The vast alteration in Lord Edward's countenance, and his abrupt manner of leaving me, threw me into a deep reverie. From what strange motive could Lord Arundel's intentions with regard to me, occasion Lord Clare's uneasiness? How could he be interested in the choice which Lady Anglesey's brother might make? Was not he wholly attached to the Countess? Was his aunt a stranger to the real sentiments of his heart, could she be mistaken with regard to the object of his affections? *He does not live, he does not breathe in Lady Anglesey's absence, he waits with impatience for the hour of visiting her*, said she; but, till my indisposition, he always saw us together: How often have his passionate glances seemed to declare, that he courted no one, and desired no one, but me. He did not choose to be pressing, he was afraid of *his friends mediation*; he did not open his mind to the Countess: From whence then could it be concluded that he was so fond of her? Perhaps he was really in the same situation in which Lord Anglesey stood between the Countess and Lady Sophia. This idea moved me in regard to the condi-

tion of my amiable friend ; it dissipated the flattering illusion which inclined me to make idle researches : Could it be any pleasure to me to find myself her rival ? I banished from my mind these useless reflections, I endeavoured to forget Lord Clare's emotions, his conversation, even my own suspicions, and exerted all my efforts to efface the impression which the sight of him had made upon my mind, which was still too susceptible.

Lady Anglesey returned the next day in the evening ; Lord Arundel accompanied her. I would have gone to meet them ; but the violent agitation of my senses took away my strength. My Lord paid me a visit alone. Ah, Madam, how did I condemn myself, when I turned my eyes upon him ! How could so noble, so graceful a figure, such fine features, suffer me to be indifferent, and not secure me against the weak passion which led my reason astray ? Could my respect, my admiration of his virtues, prejudice him in my affections ? My Lord took hold of my hand, kissed it with ardor ; delighted with the pleasure of seeing me again after six weeks absence, he viewed me with silent attention ; with eager looks he ran over my whole person ; a passionate tenderness, a placid joy appeared in his countenance, and gave life to all his motions. He kneeled
upon

upon one knee, and grasping my hands in a kind of transport: Dear Miss, said he, am I allowed to see you again, to offer up to you the purest homage, to give way to the affection with which you inspire me, am I no longer prohibited from making a declaration of my love, against which I have struggled so long, and which has so long made me unhappy! What restraint, what tedium have I endured, how delightful it is to find myself at liberty to address you! But do you vouchsafe to hear me with kindness, do you take an interest in my feelings? O, my dear Jenny, your delightful promise was my only comfort when I was at a distance from you, but perhaps compassion extorted those kind declarations. Ah, you are free! I would lay no restraint on my lovely friend's inclinations. If pity alone dictated the vows you made, I give them up, I will never put you in mind of them. Ah, how could I enjoy felicity without the certainty of being agreeable to you?

Being moved and deeply affected by this passionate declaration, which was so generous, so entirely devoted to friendship, I lost all idea of Lord Clare; I thought of Lord Arundel only: He appeared to me as a good genius, whose presence restored me to peace. I confirmed his hopes; my heart took delight in attaching itself to him by inviolable

violable protestations, I wished to bestow it by redoubling my engagements, and the more firmly I bound myself, the more my tranquillity seemed to return.

We set out that very evening for Sutton Court, with a design to spend a month and see no company. Lord Arundel's presence, his earnest assiduities, a thousand new attractions which the desire of pleasing and the prospect of approaching happiness gave him, my own reflections, a sense of honour, and the dictates of reason confirmed that serenity which I began to experience: I no longer considered the sacrifice of my affections as a painful effort, and I banished from my recollection every thing which had a tendency to revive them.

Lord Arundel at length spoke to Lady Anglesey concerning Lord Clare's passion; he shewed her several letters from the Dutchess of Surry. I was present, I heard these letters read with a degree of uneasiness; but they did not excite within me those tumultuous emotions, with which a few days before, the very name of Lord Clare would have agitated me violently. Lady Anglesey raised some slight objections, and made a weak opposition to her brother's intreaties; by degrees she yielded to his solicitations; he engaged her to allow Lord Edmond to pay

pay his addresses to her; and confessing that she had some kind of partiality for him, she agreed to marry him if that partiality should grow into a fixed affection. Lord Arundel being delighted with her compliance, wrote to the Dutchess of Surry; he invited her to partake of our retirement, and desired her to bring Edmond with her; the next day they both arrived at Sutton Court.

I could not see Lord Clare again without emotion. But I insensibly began to endure his company with tolerable composure. Perhaps the alteration of his behaviour with regard to me, contributed towards enabling me to maintain my resolution. The remembrance of his former friendship seemed to be intirely obliterated from his mind. He behaved to me with an indifference, in which I might have discovered affectation and pettishness, had I been less persuaded of his attachment to the Countess. He avoided sitting near me, speaking to me, giving me an answer, or offering me his hand when we were walking out. If by accident we chanced to be alone for a moment, he seemed restless and uneasy, his eyes wandered about on every side, without ever being fixed on me; he did not resume his usual looks till the entrance of a third person, whose approach gave him an opportunity of quitting me, or
freed

freed him from the pain of entering into conversation with me.

I took notice of this singularity, and endeavoured to account for it. Should not a man, who was so devoted to Lady Anglesey, be complaisant to her friend, to the person whom she already honoured with the name of sister? Lord Arundel's intentions were no longer secret, the Dutchess paid me the most flattering attention: From whence then did Lord Clare's caprice arise? Why was my presence disagreeable to him? When I examined him in company with the Countess, when I attended to his discourse, and compared his actions, I thought I could perceive a kind of negligence in his addresses, which would have offended my delicacy, if, like Lady Anglesey, I had been the object of his affections. All his expressions spoke the language of love, but did not breath it's ardour; his actions had all the appearance of complaisance, but never shewed any symptoms of officious zeal. What a difference between his attention, and Lord Arundel's eager and constant assiduity! Sometimes I thought it incumbent on me to communicate my remarks to the Countess; but she loved him, she made me the confidante of her passion, she had no doubt concerning her lover's affections, and I was afraid to vex her by removing

moving the delusion; at length she gave her consent, which the Dutchess of Surry so eagerly solicited, and postponed Edmond's happiness to the time when decency would allow Lord Arundel to enter into a new engagement.

We had been in town about a month, where I received the gratulations of my friends on the happy approach of my intended union with Lord Arundel, when he gave me a very affecting proof of his generous attention to anticipate my desires. I kept up a correspondence with Mr. Peters, that worthy clergyman, whose zeal and humanity were displayed in my favour, when Lidy's death left me alone in the wide world. Being delighted with this man's character, my Lord proposed to provide for him handsomely; while he waited a favourable opportunity for this purpose, he every year remitted to him a sum of money, sufficient to place a decent and well regulated family in easy circumstances.

One morning, my Lord desired me to write to Mr. Peters to resign his curacy directly, and prepare himself to take possession of a pleasant house within eight miles of London, with a living of six hundred pounds a year. This goodness, this kind recollection of a man to whom I had
real

real obligations, struck me with a lively sense of gratitude. I made haste to acquaint Mr. Peters with this news, and I every moment expected the pleasure of seeing this worthy ecclesiastic, when a clergyman inquired for me, who refused to tell his name, and earnestly desired to speak with me. Being persuaded that it must be Mr. Peters, I gave orders for his admission, and ran to meet him; but a figure very different from his presented itself before me, and I was surprized to find that the person introduced was Mr. Williams, Lord Alderson's chaplain.

I started at the sight of him; his presence brought to my mind the melancholy moment of my departure from Windsor. Anxious to know the subject of so unexpected a visit, I desired him to acquaint me whether he had quitted Lord Alderson, and whether I might flatter myself that I could be of use to him.

Allow me, Miss, said he, making me a low bow, to congratulate myself that I still belong to Lord Alderson, and that I am appointed by him to greet Miss Salisbury, on his behalf, in terms of peace and comfort. Salisbury, said I, astonished to hear him mention that name; ah, how Sir, do you come from Lord Alderson? Is it Miss Salisbury to whom he sends comfortable greet-

greetings? Ha! Does he venture to avow that, when he drove an unfortunate young girl from his presence, and loaded her with insult and contempt; he abused the daughter of Edward of Salisbury, the daughter of Lady Sarah Alderson: Inhuman as he is, can he imagine Forget, Miss, forget my Lord's severity, said Mr. Williams, interrupting me; Heaven has changed his heart, it has inspired him with a desire of seeing you, of owning you for his daughter, and of loading you with riches and honours: Ah, lose the recollection of time past, and do not raise any impediments to oppose your happiness. You do not know what a splendid fortune Lord Alderson's care has provided for you.

The gaudy glare of grandeur, said I, makes little impression upon me; and if it was the object of my wishes, I might soon see them fulfilled, without demeaning myself by accepting Lord Alderson's favours. Demean yourself! Consider what you say, said Mr. Williams, hastily: How, is it demeaning yourself to take possession of those rights to which your birth intitles you? How you are altered! I found you of a different disposition at Windsor. You loved my Lord, you was eager to give him proofs of your tenderness and respect; you shed tears by his bed's-side during his illness; his

suf-

sufferings pierced you to the soul! Will not the return of his affections engage you to forget his former behaviour? Consider well, it is a father who opens his arms to you, he wishes you to resume the sentiments you entertained in his favour, and will deserve your affection and gratitude.

I found myself moved and affected; A father, said I, weeping; ah Sir, how much have I wished for a father! How should I have been delighted to have been embraced in the arms of a parent, of a tender father! Well, Miss, well, this happiness, Mr. Williams replied, attends you, you will enjoy it, if you will go with me to your grandfather's. I! I answered, appear before Lord Alderson again: No, Sir, never. I loved him, it is true, I respected him as Lady Sarah's father; I attended him, I revered him, I earnestly wished to be dear to him; my heart was always open in his presence. Why, ah wherefore was he deaf to my cries? To what misfortunes has his cruelty exposed me! With what a chain of mortifications has it been attended! O, Mr. Williams, how many tears have I shed since our separation! The late return of Lord Alderson's affections, can never obliterate the bitter recollection of my misfortunes, and I should blush to fall at the feet of a man, who can, it is true, make me mistress of immense riches, but

but never, never can restore to me that jewel, the loss of which I shall lament while I live.

You grieve and perplex me, Miss, said Mr. Williams, in a melancholy mood. I hoped to have executed this delicate commission with more success. My Lord has given me a letter for you. But I am not to put it into your hands, till I am assured of the disposition of your heart. My Lord will not expose himself to a denial, which would mortify his pride. Shall I have the vexation of carrying this letter back, and of finding my application of no effect? Allow me, Miss, allow me to intreat you seriously to consider how different your present situation is, from that wherein you will stand by accepting Lord Alderson's favour. Lord Arundel is in love with you, you are going to be married to him; but by owing every thing to him, by submitting to such dispositions as he may think proper to make, by accepting his hand out of gratitude, by supposing yourself honoured by his affection, and the kindness with which he stoops to you, you will live in his family without power and without freedom, in a state of dependance, wherein you can command nothing. Compare this situation with that of Miss Salisbury, declared Lord Alderson's heiress,

heiress, led by himself to the altar, bringing vast riches to her husband, and enjoying all the advantages annexed to birth and fortune. In the name of Heaven, Miss, do not determine rashly, he continued, weigh your real interest maturely. I do not pretend to justify my Lord's past conduct; he used you cruelly, I confess: But when you appeared at Windsor, there was no one to support your pretensions; the evidence of Lidy and mistress Hammon, was not likely to make any impression on his mind. A man of distinguished rank and dignity now claims an interest in you. He loves you, he adores you, he wishes to receive you from Lord Alderson's hand; he solemnly protests that you did not impose upon him, but that you are really Lady Sarah's daughter; he lays facts before him, he assures him that you are mistress of evidence to support the proofs of his assertions; your grandfather attends to him with pleasure, he is ready to second his desires, he entertains hopes of seeing you fly to his paternal embraces; he invites you to reclaim your rights, he offers to acknowledge them! Ah, Miss Salisbury, either you have lost that amiable disposition which made you loved and respected at Windsor, or you will not be insensible to the return of a father's love, when he calls you to him to render you compleatly happy.

During

During this discourse, my heart was agitated with various emotions. Mr. Williams added a great deal more. The warmth of his expressions, by degrees abated my resentment. Being uncertain what resolution to take, I ruminated and sighed; I was astonished at Lord Arundel's unaccountable conduct, and disapproved of his secret solicitations with Lord Alderson. To court the favour of a man he despised; he! persuade him to own me, and appoint me his heiress; ah, for what? Being possessed of so large a fortune, could he want any from Lord Alderson? To require me from him, to wish to receive me from his hand! Lord Arundel then was ashamed of his choice. Giving way to these reflections, I grieved immoderately; my tears deceived Mr. Williams, he mistook the subject which affected me, and giving me Lord Alderson's letter, he intreated me to read it.

I opened it with great emotion. Ah, Madam, what did I feel on reading the following words!

Lord

Lord ALDERSON's Letter to Miss JENNY
SALISBURY.

‘ **I** F Miss Salisbury wishes to find me a
 ‘ father to her ; if she would partake of
 ‘ my blessing, my affection and my fortune,
 ‘ let her leave Lord Arundel’s house directly;
 ‘ let her quit it immediately, and renounce
 ‘ the intended union. I have powerful rea-
 ‘ sons to urge against it. She ought to be-
 ‘ stow herself upon another. I command
 ‘ her to do justice to Lord Danby’s constant
 ‘ passion. I am acquainted with every cir-
 ‘ cumstance: I approve of that Nobleman’s
 ‘ present conduct. Miss Jenny’s honour,
 ‘ her interest and my will declare in favour
 ‘ of this requisite and indispensable alliance.
 ‘ If she is disposed to obey me, I am inclined
 ‘ to own her as my daughter and my hei-
 ‘ ress.’

Being more enraged than it is possible for
 me to express, I threw the letter at a great
 distance from me with vast indignation. Mr.
 Williams picked it up, and would have talk-
 ed with me farther; but I would not allow
 him. Go, Sir, said I, make haste to be
 gone, do not expose me to lose sight of that
 respect which is due to your function. You
 do not know how far your discourse may
 offend

offend me. I hate, I detest Lord Danby, I despise Lord Alderson. Ah, by what right does that audacious man presume to subject me to his will, to give me laws, to judge of my conduct, and direct my actions: I! receive the title of his daughter on these shameful conditions, to become ungrateful, perjured! To leave Lord Arundel's house, to renounce the honour of being his wife, to bestow myself on the vilest of mankind! Go, Sir, go to Lord Alderson again. He was offended at my presumption when I presumed to claim kindred with him, I should now be ashamed to bear that title of which I was then ambitious: I cannot acknowledge one, who is a friend to Lord Danby, as my parent and protector. I do not owe to Lord Alderson, any tenderness, respect or submission; and I from the very bottom of my soul renounce all the advantages he offers me.

Lord Arundel came into my closet, the moment Mr. Williams went out. My blushes, my tears, and my agitation surprized and disturbed him. I made him acquainted with the subject of the interview I had just had with Lord Alderson's chaplain. Lord Arundel sighed, ruminated; a melancholy gloom overcast the serenity of his countenance. I cannot condemn Lord Danby's attempts, said he; they tend to recover a precious object, an object, for the loss of which

nothing can recompense. He is now at London, and is presently to return to Vienna. The motive of his journey to London, was no doubt to engage your grandfather's favour. I know that he has solicited the title of Duke for Lord Alderson, and has earnestly pressed for this distinction, which the ambitious old man has long coveted, and has not yet been able to obtain. By refusing to acknowledge Lord Alderson as a father, you destroy the last hope of too constant a lover: He has only one expedient left Here he paused. I pity the unhappy James, he continued, indeed I pity him; he was my friend, I do not forget it; I cannot esteem him, but I do not hate him. I should be much happier, if my felicity did not give him affliction. He imagines that was it not for me, and for my passion, his perseverance might have moved you. You best know, whether I endeavoured to make him odious to you: How can Lord Danby accuse any one with inspiring you with that just resentment which he himself, by his own indiscreet conduct, has raised in your mind against him?

He has only one expedient left! said I: Ah, what durst he attempt now? Nothing can mitigate my hatred to Lord Danby; so far from inducing me to pity him, this unwearied persecution disgusts me the more. The Dutchess of Surry coming in at this instant,

stant, I could not make Lord Arundel explain himself farther; and when I attempted to renew the subject, he seemed to enter into it with so much unwillingness, that I thought it best to drop it.

Eight days afterwards we set out for Sutton Court, where this double union was to be formed. Every thing was provided there which could make the place delightful. Lord Clare and Lord Arundel by turns gave sumptuous entertainments. Joy sparkled in the countenance of all who partook of our diversions. I had gained such a command of myself as to banish from my mind every recollection which might disturb my happiness; Lord Arundel never before appeared to me in so amiable a light, more worthy to be beloved, to be the only object of my affections. I was glad to find my former sentiments revive, I was happy, and my felicity was increasing every moment Ah, Madam, what remains for me to relate? What a cruel recollection revives my deep affliction! Arundel! My beloved, my revered! My hand can no more trace thy name, without tearing my heart-strings, and drawing tears from my eyes which hide thy image from my sight: Ah, why am I still crawling on this earth where Lord Arundel is no more! Where I breathe for no

other purpose than to deplore an irreparable loss!

On the eve of that day, which, to appearance, was destined to make four people happy, my Lord received a letter; after he had read it, he tore it carefully, and even threw the fragments into a piece of water, where we were viewing some sportive swans. I perceived emotion in his countenance; he left me, and went to speak to the man, who waited for an answer. I followed him with my eyes, and was uneasy; when he returned, I examined him attentively, he seemed composed, and I thought I might be mistaken in supposing that the letter had occasioned him extraordinary perturbation.

The next day, at eight in the morning, my Lord came into my room, without any previous message. His serious air, and his visiting me at a time of day when I was not used to receive him, gave me concern, and alarmed my apprehensions. I left my toilette, and advanced towards him; he took me by the hand, which he clasped eagerly and kissed with great ardour: Jenny, my dear Jenny! he repeated over and over. He retired, took two or three steps, came to me again, clasped me in his arms, sighed, and seemed deeply affected; at last, he presented me

me with a packet sealed with his arms, the cover of which was without any directions, and at the same time gave me one of less size, on which was written, *For Miss Jenny*: Do me the favour, said he, to preserve the deposit with which I entrust you: if I do not ask for it again to day, by opening my letter, you will know what use you are to make of it; but I earnestly intreat you to wait till you hear from me, before you open it. Having said these words, he embraced me again, left the room, and went out with such swiftness, that he could not hear if I had called him back.

I remained all trembling and confused, without being able to fix my ideas, or form any conjecture; but I was alarmed, and could not divest my mind of the uneasiness and dread which had taken possession of me. I passed near an hour in this painful situation, with my eyes rivetted on the papers: I was going to Lady Anglesey, to acquaint her with the cause of my uneasiness, when the most piercing and reiterated cries reached my ears. *He is dead! He is dead!* was repeated by several voices. I ran, I flew to the place from whence these dreadful cries proceeded Ah, Madam, what a sight! Lord Arundel, pale, bloody, motionless, surrounded and supported by his servants,

who uttered the most dreadful groans: Lady Anglesey, on her knees before him, with her hands uplifted, crying, Ah, my God! Ah, my brother! I would have advanced, but I'dropped down senseless . . . It would have been happy for me if I had never recovered my senses, if a speedy death had saved me from being assured that I had armed the detested hand, which dared to shed the blood of one so precious and beloved.

When I came to myself, from a long fainting fit, the first object which presented itself to my sight, was Lady Anglesey half reclined on a sofa, her head drooping, her eyes shut, and seeming scarce alive; I screamed aloud, and throwing myself at her feet, I endeavoured to speak, but I could only embrace her feebly. She looked at me, stretched forth her hands towards Heaven; and then letting them fall on me: He is no more, said she, he is no more! I have no brother! You have no husband! Then giving way . . . But why should I affect you with sorrow, Madam, by attempting to describe ineffable grief? I have already moved your sensibility by too many melancholy details, and I reproach myself for my minute exactness, which is cruel perhaps, but which I thought necessary to explain to you the reasons of my conduct.

My

My women, by the endeavours they had used to bring me to myself, had thrown the letter out of my bosom which my Lord had given me in the morning. They presented it to me; notwithstanding my dejection and violent oppression of spirits, I was resolved to know his intentions, that I might fulfil them. I opened this fatal letter with trembling hands; and with streaming eyes, I read the following words:

Lord ARUNDEL to Miss JENNY.

‘ MY will is inclosed in the packet you
 ‘ received from me. Give it to Lord
 ‘ Morgan. Comfort yourself, comfort La-
 ‘ dy Anglesey. Under the same cover, I
 ‘ have enclosed the last expressions of my
 ‘ tenderness; may they influence you, may
 ‘ they move your heart, but not wound it.
 ‘ O my dear Jenny! Adieu.’

Lord Morgan was present. I gave him the dismal deposit which had been committed to my charge. He opened it, and therein found a letter for me, with Lord Arundel’s last will, penned in his own hand. He appointed Lord Morgan his executor. After a number of legacies, the residue of his effects was to be divided between Lady Anglesey and me, who were left coheiresses. It

appeared from the date of this will, that Lord Arundel had written it the night preceding. The reading of it was interrupted by a thousand mournful cries. The room resounded with sighs and groans: Lady Anglesey and I were present, but bathed in tears, and did not hear a word. Lord Morgan declared that he would discharge the melancholy office with which his friend intrusted him. His first care was to remove us, and prevent our coming into Lord Arundel's apartment. We set out for Anglesey in the middle of the night, shocked, dejected, oppressed, despairing, shunning all consolation, and only wishing for the liberty of giving way to our grief.

At break of day, I opened Lord Arundel's letter. What an impression did the last testimony of such a tender affection make upon my mind! How dear to me is this letter! How often have I bedewed it with my tears! - Never shall I behold it, at any period of my life, without recollecting all those sentiments of affection which I owe to Lord Arundel's memory.

Lord

Lord ARUNDEL's Letter to Miss JENNY.

‘ AT the moment you read this letter, a
 ‘ man who adores you, will be no
 ‘ more. I tremble, I shudder at the tears;
 ‘ which I shall probably draw from your
 ‘ eyes. O, my dear Jenny! do not weep
 ‘ for me. May my lovely friend’s affec-
 ‘ tionate heart never be a prey to grief, and
 ‘ too severe regret; but may she be some-
 ‘ times affected at the recollection of my
 ‘ love, my sincere esteem, my faithful friend-
 ‘ ship! Preserve the remembrance of me,
 ‘ take pleasure in the recollection; imagine
 ‘ that my soul hovers around you, that the
 ‘ most precious part of me is not annihilat-
 ‘ ed, that it is still interested in your hap-
 ‘ piness, on which it’s own depends, and
 ‘ that it suffers if you are not serene and
 ‘ happy.

‘ Affwage Lady Anglesey’s grief; always
 ‘ consider her as your sister, continue to live
 ‘ with her, comfort each other. Let her
 ‘ not delay too long the fulfilling of her pro-
 ‘ mise. Be happy together; do not forget
 ‘ me: May the remembrance of me survive
 ‘ in your minds, but may it never disturb
 ‘ your peace. Adieu, my dear Jenny, adieu
 ‘ for ever.’

For ever! Ah, God! Dear and amiable Arundel! No, *I will not forget thee*. Thou shalt ever be present to my mind, my heart shall ever be full with thy image; though dead to others, thou shalt ever be alive to me. Thy friends shall forget thee, thy sister shall take comfort, time shall efface thee from the memory of man, I alone will preserve the remembrance of thee, I will act as if thy eyes still watched my steps; and if thy soul yet *hovers round me*, I will not pain it by giving to another that hand which you condescended to accept.

Lady Anglesey, when she quitted the Dutchess of Surry, desired to be excused from receiving any visits or letters from Lord Clare. She took leave of him at Sutton Court, and told him that she intended to remain at Anglesey in deep retirement. She there gave way to her affliction: We continually wept together. So far from endeavouring to avoid the melancholy recollection of Lord Arundel's death, we dwelt upon it, and made his servant repeat the circumstances to us. Hebert, a French valet de chambre, lately entered into my Lord's service, received his order to repair to a certain spot in the park, which he pointed out to him, and to set out thither half an hour after he himself should have left his apartment. This man, when he came near to his master, saw him stretched

stretched in the dust, scarce able to breathe, having lost his strength by the vast effusion of blood. The person with whom my Lord had been engaged was supported: He was very much wounded, and struggled in his servant's arms, stretching forth his hands towards Lord Arundel. Hebert heard him cry out, *What have I done? Ah, wretch that I am! What have I done?* He neither knew him, nor the man who carried him off. He was anxious to stop my Lord's blood, and some countrymen helped to bring him home. My Lord expired the moment that Lady Anglesey, drawn by her womens shrieks, entered into the room where they had brought him.

This recital, which was repeated a hundred times over, and greedily listened to, though it was attended with tears and sighs, did not yet tend to fix our ideas, or to discover the hand which deprived us of Lord Arundel for ever. My suspicions all fell upon Lord Danby. Ah! What other would have shed such precious blood? What other could have an aversion to the most noble of mankind? Lord Arundel, beloved, respected, and useful to his country, had a friend in every citizen. What other, but that barbarian, doomed to afflict me and oppress my mind with grief and horror, would have made an attack on Lord Arundel's life?

Lady Anglesey made the same reflections; but for fear of increasing my torment, she durst not then communicate them to me.

Lord Danby, who had left London six days before this melancholy accident, and who, as it was said, lay sick upon the road, appeared to have no hand in Lord Arundel's death. Lady Anglesey dispatched Hebert to the place where he and his attendants stopped. She ordered him to exert his utmost efforts in order to get sight of Lord Danby. Hebert executed her commands with extreme diligence; on his return he assured the Countess that the sick Lord was not the murderer of his master; I have since learned, that one of Lord Danby's gentlemen personated him at that place. Hebert's report destroyed the Countess's suspicions; it might perhaps have weakened mine, if, a few days after his return, the following letter had not confirmed them.

Lord DANBY's Letter to Miss SALISBURY.

' CRUEL as you are, do not reproach me
' on any account. You have made me
' so miserable, that it is not in your power
' to add any thing to the rigour of my destiny. Who would then, who is it that
' presumes to preserve my life in despite of
' me?

' me? Ah, I detest life! Why did not
 ' the hand of Arundel end these odious
 ' days? Why did he spare a furious
 ' It is from you, inflexible girl, that I de-
 ' sire death. Revenge a favourite lover.
 ' A favourite! Ah, God! Could
 ' that haughty, that unconquerable heart
 ' then surrender itself To stifle the
 ' cries of Lord Arundel's blood, cries which
 ' rise from the bottom of my soul, and tear
 ' my heart; to stop the current of your
 ' tears, let my head fall upon the scaffold
 ' before you. Shew my letter to Lady An-
 ' glesey, to the whole world; prosecute a
 ' guilty wretch, let him be punished, he ab-
 'hors himself Inhuman creature!
 ' He loves you still, he cannot breathe, and
 ' cease one moment to adore you, to wish
 ' for you; make haste to accuse him, to de-
 ' stroy him; if he does not die, he will pur-
 ' sue you for ever, he will never renounce
 ' you.'

P. S. ' I shall be found at Lord Alder-
 ' son's, at your father's; your father, whose
 ' orders you despise. Ah, if you had re-
 ' spected Proclaim my crime, dis-
 ' cover my retreat: Ah, why should I wait
 ' for a slow death in this bed of sickness
 ' where I am confined. It is in your sight
 ' that I wish to die; shew yourself for once
 ' disposed to gratify the desires of the most
 ' un-

‘ unhappy of mankind, grant him the only
 ‘ favour which his heart can expect from
 ‘ yours.’

Ah, Madam, I found myself inclined to yield to his desires, and to give him up to the punishment he deserved. The weakness of my sex, and the natural mildness of my disposition, soon checked the first emotions which this strange letter excited within me. Ah, let him live, said I, let him pass his days, which have been so fatal to my peace, in bitterness; let him, if possible, experience the same torments, with which he has afflicted an unhappy girl, made unhappy by him alone! May my hatred, my contempt, and the recollection of his rage, be the just punishment of his crimes; and may the image of the expiring Lord Arundel occasion him everlasting remorse.

The Dutchess of Surry wrote frequently to Lady Anglesey; she came to visit her, and staid there some time. Her consolatory reflections, her caresses and intreaties at length induced the Countess to return to London. For three months, such deep mourning, and such violent grief had left no room for love, nor the recollection of a solemn engagement. My Lady seemed detached from her lover and from the world; she did not seem disposed to resume that life of dissipation, of which, to

one in trouble, the very reflection was painful and disagreeable: The presence of Lord Clare revived her affection for him. Our return to London seemed to promise some end to her affliction. That tender and gentle passion, of which her mind was naturally susceptible, resumed it's empire over her heart; she wept still, but while she shed tears to the memory of her amiable brother, she recollected that he earnestly desired her union with Lord Clare; she postponed the ceremony to the time she quitted her mourning; and entering into company, she fell into her usual habits of life.

I still retained at London the melancholy gloom which oppressed me at Anglesey. There are some kinds of grief, which continually become more severe by reflection. Being the undoubted, though innocent occasion of Lord Arundel's death; I said to myself every moment, Had he not loved me, he had been alive, he had been happy: I have brought misfortune into his family; I have filled it with mourning, I have afflicted his sister; the moment that my condition moved their generous hearts, was the moment destined to be fatal to their happiness. While these melancholy ideas engrossed my mind, my tears flowed in abundance; I sighed, and wished to see an end to a life of such perturbation. Looking at a picture of
Lord

Lord Arundel's, with an eye of respect, I stretched forth my arms towards him; my cries escaped from me involuntarily, and my oppressed heart seemed ready to break.

To render my torments more intolerable, Lord Danby, the author of all my misfortunes, recovered, obtained his recall, and fixed his residence at London. He wrote to me, and got several persons to speak to me; I returned his letters unopened, and silenced every one that mentioned his name before me. Lord Alderson, influenced by him, and wholly attached to his interest, undertook to make me *submit*, and to *reduce me under his subjection*. I was told, by a messenger from him, that he would carry his *complaints* and *just pretensions* to the foot of the throne; that he would compel me to acknowledge and *respect his authority*. I despised these idle threats; but so many applications could not be made in secret. It was rumoured abroad that I was a near relation of Lord Alderson's, engaged to Lord Danby by a solemn promise, before his marriage with the Dutchess of Rutland. An unaccountable whim, it was said, induced me to break this engagement, and to withdraw myself from Lord Alderson's authority. This indulgent relation would *forgive* me, would take me to him again, would *adopt* me, would insure his fortune to me, would
raise

raise me to the rank of a Dutchess, by giving me his name, his arms, his titles, and providing me a husband! That, being insensible to his kindness and slighting such vast offers, I refused to testify my gratitude by becoming the comfort of his old age. All eyes were presently turned upon me; they already computed the immense riches I might make myself mistress of; Lady Surry, Lord Morgan, the Countess's friends and my own interested themselves in the success of Lord Alderson's desires. Every one admired Lord Danby's constancy, and blamed my indifference towards him. By degrees I became the object of public attention. The Viscountess of Belmont and Lord Clare were the only persons who absolutely refused to concur in procuring a reconciliation between Lord Alderson and me.

This persecution distressed me, and made me turn my thoughts towards the only means of being at rest; but my attachment to Lady Anglesey, was an obstacle to all my schemes. I shuddered at the thought of parting with so dear a friend. How could I resolve to quit her! The pleasure of her company was my only comfort. Whither should I turn, in what place should I fix my residence? Unknown, and indifferent as I was to all the world, should I venture to expose myself to new dangers? I often wished
that

that Mr. Peters had not left the county of York; his house, being now so near town, no longer afforded me a retreat, where I might hope to live in obscurity. Being restless and undetermined, I saw the necessity of going away and hiding myself from all eyes; but gratitude and friendship held me in suspense, and every moment destroyed my resolutions.

Since Lord Arundel's death, I received no company; I even avoided appearing in Lady Anglesey's apartment. During the short time I staid there, it was impossible for me to avoid taking notice of Lord Clare's very singular attention to me. He, whose visible indifference hurt me at Sutton Court, who shunned me, and on all occasions avoided conversing with me; was now become my most affectionate friend, seemed to sympathize with me in my affliction, to make it his study to assuage my grief, or to prove at least that he participated of my sorrow. I perceived this alteration with surprize, and perhaps with a degree of sensibility. Lord Clare's affection inspired me with gratitude. At the time when he slighted me, he considered me in a happy condition; my misfortunes revived his friendship. I attributed this change to the generosity of his mind, to that feeling which naturally makes us wish to comfort those, to whose affliction we are
eye

eye witnesses; my ideas led me no farther, till, together with your letter, I received that which he wrote to you himself.

Nothing could equal my astonishment, when I found that Lord Clare loved me, that I had always been the object of his affection; that being forced to dissemble, it was a pain to him, he lamented the necessity of deceiving Lady Anglesey, and concealing his passion from me. I ran over the letter, without being well assured whether my senses did not mislead me, and whether I was not in the midst of a troublesome dream. On reading it a second time, on recollecting Lord Clare's actions and conversation, on comparing his conduct and his professions, I found myself obliged to believe him, and I could not forbear pitying him.

How weak are our minds, Madam! How easy it is to put it's delicate springs in motion; how little we are acquainted with our hearts, and how quickly does the flame of love rekindle! Having been compelled by reason, honour and friendship to subdue my too fond affections, time and my deep affliction seemed to have intirely effaced the recollection of it. This letter revived it. A delusive emotion, a lively enchanting pleasure! A pleasure which I felt for the first time,

time, banished every other object from my mind. The assurance of being loved, diffused a mild joy round my heart. How, does Lord Clare love me! said I, softly to myself. What, am I the object of Lord Clare's affections! He adores me, he will *renounce every thing*, if he can but *move my heart, if I will accept of his*. Presently, coming to myself again, I sighed and wept: Ah, why, said I, why did our fates bring us together so late, amiable Edmond! Why did not my eyes meet with you in your brother's gardens! How happened it that a perfidious wretch there presented himself to my sight, and that I did not see you? My heart, destined to love you, would no doubt have yielded to thy wishes; I might then have given thee the preference, have loved thee; no obstacle then opposed my wishes, or prevented my choice. I should not have experienced the cruel misfortunes which have since oppressed me. Delighted with thee, with thy affection, to inspire thee with love would have been my utmost happiness, and to sympathize with thee my only joy; thy tenderness would have made me forget the severities of fortune; and I should not have lamented the want of her blessings. Though poor, yet contented, even in the lowest state, I should have arisen every morning with a tranquil mind. Is there a condition which
ho-

honour cannot ennoble? Is there a situation, which successful love cannot render delicious?

The first alarm of my senses being over, I reproached myself for having given way to such emotions. I read the letter over and over. I excused Lord Clare's extravagant project. He was in love: The most powerful obstacles stood in opposition to his desires; various ways of surmounting them presented themselves to his imagination, he adopted them without consideration, and without perceiving their injustice and extravagance. Appetite is a dangerous counselor; it readily smooths the greatest difficulties; to a passionate lover, every thing yields, every thing arranges according to his desire; every thing that he wishes, seems possible to be attained. But how could the Viscountess of Belmont approve of such a design? How could she persuade Lord Clare to write to you? The few words which she has penned in that indiscreet letter, make me offended with her. *Miss Jenny's fortune is equal to Lady Anglesey's; the Dutchess of Surry esteems, and loves Miss Jenny; Why should not she consent to make Lord Clare happy? Lady Anglesey is not fond of Edmond, she marries him out of complaisance to her brother. Her tedious retirement, the three months delay which she has required since her return from Anglesey,*
are

are proofs of her indifference. She will gladly embrace any pretence to break her engagement.

She not fond of him! What could not Lady Anglesey shed tears to the memory of a brother, a friend, without being suspected of *indifference?* *Our fortunes are equal!* What opinion must your friend and mine entertain of my feelings, to suppose me capable of perverting Lord Arundel's bequest, by wounding his sister's heart with a deadly shaft, in depriving her of the husband which he had intended for her. I, should I receive a hand which belonged to Lady Anglesey; should I betray, should I injure my friend; should I requite her kindness, her tenderness with black ingratitude; should I forget my solemn engagements; should I take pains to banish Lord Arundel from my recollection; who could have a right of requiring me to forget him, and of considering the tears which I shed to his memory, ever graved in my heart, as an instance of infidelity? Ah, Madam, love has seduced my mind, but has not debased it. I have been in love, I love him still, I confess it; but I will entrust that secret with you alone.

Lord Clare shall never know my weakness; I will destroy his hopes; he shall fulfil those obligations which are indispensable. His principles are such, as make me easy with regard

regard to Lady Anglesey's fate, he will do her justice, he will love her; they shall share Lord Arundel's whole fortune between them. Ah, what should I do with it? Have I any occasion for the vain splendor which surrounds me, this useless troublesome parade, which serve no other end but to draw upon me the envious eyes of the mistaken multitude, who think grandeur the source of happiness.

If my gratitude and tender friendship for Lady Anglesey, made me with fear and concern look towards a long, perhaps an everlasting separation, her interest soon determined my wavering resolution. I ought never to appear again before Lord Clare, it was my duty to avoid him, to shun him, in order to secure Lady Anglesey's peace. That very evening, I made the Countess consent to let me go the next day to spend a month with Mr. Peters. I had promised him a visit ever since he had been removed so near London. I wrote to Lady Belmont. My letter contained a positive refusal, attended with some very strong remonstrances against the offensive proposal, she had presumed to make to me.

It is from my tranquil and pleasant retreat with Mr. Peters, that I have penned this long detail of the occurrences of my life,
and

and where I have formed an intention of sacrificing my future enjoyment to friendship. This sensible, this discreet and prudent friend approves of my resolution. He would come back with me to London. His kind assiduity has enabled me to pursue the only measure I can properly take. I have considered my present condition, and that of Lady Anglesey. Persecuted by Lord Alderson, the secret of my birth on the point of being discovered, and my mother's reputation exposed; being under continual apprehensions of Lord Danby's rage Great God! If he could dive to the bottom of my heart, if he knew that Lord Clare Ah, let one of my mother's wishes at least be heard. *Let me not expire under the weight of the same affliction which ended her days* But time presses, Mr. Peters waits for me, he will send this manuscript by your messenger. The day begins to break, the glimmering light seems to increase the dreadful disorder of my mind. O, Lady Anglesey! O my kind friend! Do I leave you for ever? Alas! I am not allowed to live with you, to clasp Lord Arundel's sister to my bosom; my concern for your happiness obliges me to fly, and to seek that peace in a foreign country, which my own cannot afford me Ah, Madam! What a sacrifice? How, shall I never see Lady Anglesey again! What will she think! My real motives being concealed

cealed under false pretences . . . Ah, if she should accuse me of ingratitude . . . No matter, let her cease to love me; but let her be happy! Farewell, Madam, farewell; I will write to you soon from the place of my retreat, if I survive the excessive grief which oppresses me.

Miss JENNY's Letter to Lady ROSCOMMON.

From France, at Ruel.

‘ **A** Long time has elapsed, Madam, before
 ‘ it was in my power to write to you.
 ‘ Being taken ill on my arrival at Paris, I re-
 ‘ mained there two months in expectation of an
 ‘ event which I saw before me, without dread-
 ‘ ing it. Being tolerably recovered, though
 ‘ still very weak, I am now in the country,
 ‘ with Madame Ramsay, the widow of an
 ‘ officer, who was killed in the French
 ‘ King’s service. Mr. Peters, who is her
 ‘ relation, was so kind to acquaint her with
 ‘ my intention of leaving London, and to
 ‘ procure me a lodging in her house. I can-
 ‘ not sufficiently commend her genteel recep-
 ‘ tion, and the obliging attention she pays
 ‘ to me. I begin to think that a change of
 ‘ climate, and succession of objects, operates
 ‘ on our minds insensibly. I am still, it is
 ‘ true, very melancholy, but I am less agi-
 Vol. II. M tated;

' tated ; I often weep, but my tears now
 ' flow without any pain, and they relieve
 ' my heart. I have no prospect of happi-
 ' ness for the future, but I foresee that it is
 ' possible to live with some degree of tran-
 ' quillity at a distance. My most pungent
 ' regret is that of being parted from Lady
 ' Anglesey, and of having made her uneasy
 ' by my flight. She forgives me at last,
 ' but she complains of such a cruel separa-
 ' tion. Her affecting letters move, and
 ' comfort me at the same time. I read,
 ' without any extraordinary emotion, an ac-
 ' count of the ceremony which made her
 ' Lord Clare's for ever; she finds herself
 ' happy. It is a comfort to me to reflect
 ' that Lady Anglesey is happy.

' I have, by a formal deed, given up to
 ' her all the estate of which Lord Morgan
 ' put me in possession. But I had too great
 ' an esteem for Lord Arundel, to be ashamed
 ' of owing my subsistence to him; an
 ' annuity of a thousand a year is sufficient to
 ' maintain me here in ease and plenty. This
 ' I have reserved out of the effects he be-
 ' queathed me. Ah, I do not blush to ac-
 ' knowledge him as my benefactor! During
 ' one part of the year, my abode shall be in
 ' this agreeable and sequestered retreat. Rural
 ' amusements are the only recreations I can
 ' expect to relish. Flowers, birds, my pen-
 ' cils,

' cils, pleasant walks, books, melanco'y
 ' recollections, but still dear and precious
 ' to my heart, will fill the vacancy of my
 ' future days Farewell, Madam;
 ' do not forget a friend who loves you, who
 ' respects you, and who, among the number
 ' of agreeable ideas, reckons the pleasure of
 ' supposing that you pity her.'

F I N I S.





L I C E N C E.

I Have, by order of the Chancellor, read the *History of Miss Jenny*, and I find nothing in it which can be an objection to it's being printed; I apprehend that the public will, in this piece, readily distinguish the stile and character, which have already merited their approbation in compositions of the like kind, by the same hand. Given at Paris the 15 September 1763.

GIBERT.

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